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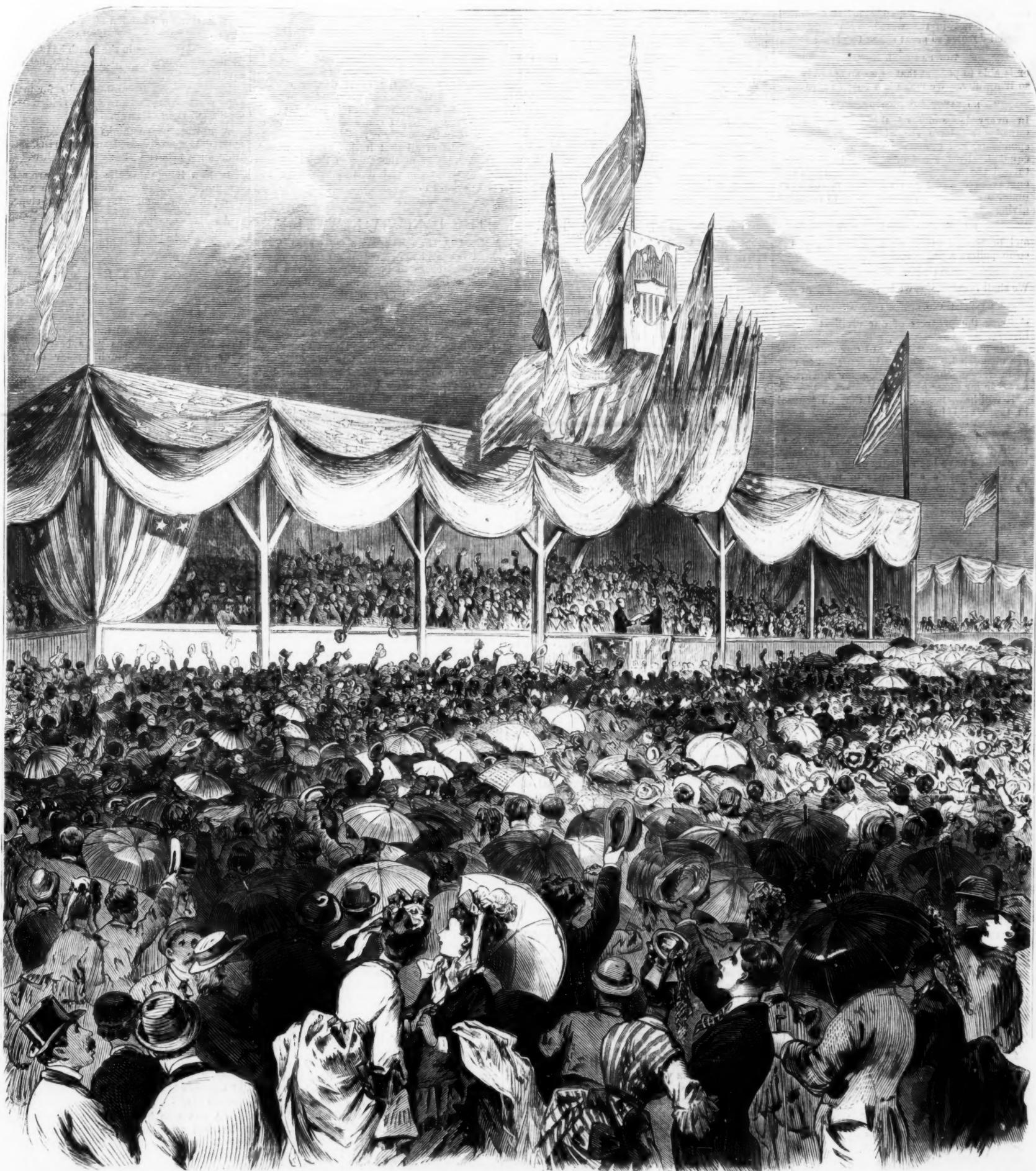
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JULY 19, 1873.

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12 WEEKS, \$1.00.



THE FOURTH OF JULY.—THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL—FORMAL TRANSFER OF THE GROUNDS AT FAIRMOUNT PARK, BY THE AUTHORITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, TO THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.—SEE PAGE 299.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 19, 1873.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest  
established Illustrated newspaper in America.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED  
NEWSPAPER.

THIS journal, instead of losing circulation, as most journals do in Summer, is rapidly gaining; and with a steady increase of business we are making a steady increase of our already great expenditures. Ours is the foremost illustrated newspaper in the United States, if not in the world. No illustrated journal devotes so great space to giving

## THE PICTORIAL NEWS;

or is able to present that news so speedily and so truthfully. We make it a rule to give

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In every large city of the Union and the Canadas we have special artists and correspondents, and our staff in New York is unequalled. By the aid of machinery we have turned the night into day, and our artists and engravers can work as easily at midnight as under a noonday sun. We propose to continue giving special attention to

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and presenting every week to the eye of the cosmopolitan a page of

## FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES.

We shall illustrate, as we have always done, the

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF AMERICA,

showing the progress of our civilization and history.

Our means for carrying out our enterprises are unequalled. We are not compelled to rely upon foreign journals either for illustrated news or for fancy pictures.

It will have been observed that no journal in the world has presented so many accurate illustrations of the Modoc war as ours. While other journals have been boasting of their facilities for getting scenes and portraits, our artists have been quietly getting them.

Frank Leslie's experience of many years has enabled him to excel all his contemporaries in

## TELLING THE PICTORIAL TRUTH.

The Editorial Department of this journal, which is also under the management of Mr. Leslie, is directed upon the principle that

GOOD PICTURES REQUIRE GOOD WRITING; and our staff is so organized that the best writers in every department of knowledge give their pens to our service. In this respect, no journal in America can boast of superiority, and few can claim equal merit. In matters of politics we are independent of all parties, as any journal devoted to *News* ought to be. But we by no means evade a discussion of the political and social movements of the day. It will be found that we are on the side of

THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE POLITICIANS, and that in all social questions we shall prefer, not the old doctrine of "the majority shall rule," or that other doctrine, "the greatest good of the greatest number," but the simple democratic principle,

## THE GREAT GOOD OF ALL.

We shall tear no passion to rags, and shall try to show what corruption is in the Saint, and what good in the Wretch, being always faithful to the truth. We refer to our column of

## NEWS OF THE WEEK,

in which the history of the world is put into brevities; and to our

SERIAL NOVELS, SHORT STORIES, INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL, AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.

And all these are only promises of what we purpose to do.

## LEGAL DUTIES.

A daily paper, in a recent article on the Stokes case, says "that since our great lawyers have become the allies of the criminal, and have interposed their legal ability to screen him from the consequences of his crime, they are equally responsible with rum and rowdyism for the present disregard of human life."

We state it very mildly when we say such a *dictum* proceeds from the grossest ignorance. It not only "begs the question," but it mistakes it.

No lawyer can go between the sentence and the execution without the sanction of the law. The duty of a legal adviser was admirably laid down by that sternest of English moral-

ists, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was also a man of very clear perceptions.

One day Boswell, his voluminous biographer, told him that he was much distressed in his mind, since, on his return to Edinburgh, he had to defend a murderer, who had confessed his guilt to him; and consequently he had doubts whether he ought not to throw up the case, and return the retaining fee to the criminal's attorney. His great reverence for the Doctor had determined him to abide by his decision.

Johnson, after one or two rolls of his ponderous body, said: "An advocate is bound in honor to do for his client what he would do for himself, or what the client would do if he had the advocate's skill and knowledge of law. I will not say that he is to lie, and solemnly declare his belief in the prisoner's innocence, but he is bound to act upon the great basis of English jurisprudence, that every accused person is *innocent in the eyes of the law* till the verdict of a jury has pronounced him to be guilty."

Independently of the great reputation of the British moralist, we think that the common sense of society fully maintains his reply. An advocate is like a physician—he is bound to save his patient's life under the law.

We think Johnson's opinion is a most rational one, that a lawyer is bound in honor to do for his client what he would do for himself had he the same legal acumen, and that the *dictum*, that when a counselor does all he can for a prisoner he becomes the ally and apologist of crime, is at once illogical, and consequently nonsensical.

A lawyer is bound to present to a jury all the phases in which the case can be viewed; and if he is passionate and technical and cunning, he is only what the law demands that he should be. Better that he should be so than that the law should hang a man illegally. Society is quite as unjust as individuals are.

## PHILADELPHIA AND THE CENTENNIAL

THE ambition of Philadelphia is a great one, and in the highest degree honorable to her citizens. It is to represent the nation, we might almost say the continent, as the exponent of American civilization in the proposed celebration of 1876. She asks that all American industries, manufactures, arts and enterprises shall be included in the great exhibition, and Europe is invited to be a contributor and spectator. In this request it is expressly understood that Philadelphia is unselfish, and that other cities and other States than Pennsylvania are to share the glory as well as the expense. Ten million dollars worth of stock has been distributed among the States, and in anticipation that it will be taken up, the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, on the glorious Fourth of July, formally transferred to the Centennial Commission, with music and fireworks and the finest oratory of the Quaker City, five hundred acres of land on which to erect the buildings, which are to excel those of Vienna. But in all this it is inevitable that Philadelphia must be in the eyes of the world the representative of America, and that the whole country will be, to a great extent, judged by her character and condition.

This being undoubtedly the case, Philadelphia cannot complain if her course is closely watched by the people of other cities. We are all deeply interested in her affairs, because our own credit is to be involved in them, and it is anything but a satisfaction to us to find them at present in a most disgraceful condition. If we may trust the Press of that city, the charges of the Reform Association, the criminal statistics, and common report, Philadelphia is under the control of a political Ring, as corrupt and unscrupulous as Tammany was in the days of its pomp and pride. It is a Republican Ring, including great municipal officers, corrupt legislators, an army of repeaters, perjured election officers, and it has even been hinted in the Constitutional Convention that its influence has been extended into the Courts. Treacherous Democratic leaders, under pay, sell out their party to serve it. It has increased the debt of the city to over fifty millions of dollars, more than four millions having been added this year, for which it has little to show but the park, the police, and the streets, which had better be concealed. Nor are there any signs of improvement. The Republican ticket just nominated was determined upon by the Ring a year ago, and it is openly alleged that it was imposed upon the party by the most daring frauds at the polls. There appears to be not the slightest hope that it can be defeated, as still greater frauds will be committed, if necessary, at the October elections.

In fact, without going too deeply into the particulars of municipal corruption and popular helplessness, the political reputation of Philadelphia is worse than that of any other American city. This, we now affirm, is the principal reason for fearing a failure in the Centennial Exhibition. Our neighbors may not know, but others know, that the unexpected reluctance of the people of other States to subscribe for Centennial stock is due to a widespread distrust of Philadelphia institutions. It is true that the Centennial Commission itself is composed of gentlemen from all the States, and that it deserves universal confidence; but it does not control the city, and cannot improve its material or political condi-

tion. Americans who are proud of their country, and who expect that many thousands of visitors would be attracted from Europe by the exhibition, would be sorry to see the United States judged by Philadelphia in its present condition. They would like the national guests to be received in a clean city, by an honest, efficient and intelligent government; by officials who, by their culture and conduct, would do credit to the American name. For our European visitors will undoubtedly not be content with an inspection of the wonders of art and manufactures in the buildings at Fairmount Park; they will wish to know how the Republican experiment has succeeded, and will study political results as much as material productions.

If the great exhibition were held now, would they find a good government, or a free people? No; they would find a Ring in supreme power, a corrupt elective system framed to sustain an oligarchy in power, a people slavishly indifferent, or uselessly indignant, and deprived of the fundamental right of a Republic—that of choosing their own rulers or servants. They would turn away with contempt or disappointment from this painful exhibition of Republican failure in the city chosen by the nation to represent it, and the whole country would suffer because Philadelphia is false to herself.

We should rejoice to see the Centennial Celebration a grand national triumph, and it is not a pleasure to state these facts. But it is right that our good neighbors of Philadelphia should know that the great danger of the exhibition is the political and municipal management of the city in which it is to be held. That is the principal cause of the apathy of which they frequently complain; and it is to the interest of all that it should be removed. The foundation of the success they desire is municipal reform, and it is certainly not too late to secure it.

## THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

AMERICAN humorists are a queer race. They are generally born on some country newspaper, and cease to be funny whenever they seek "a broader field" for the display of their talents. The first of them was "Doesticks"—we speak of him because he is forgotten—and the last, as we believe, the "Danbury News Man." In his day "Doesticks" was considered very funny, and people laughed immoderately at such fine things in his letters as "And we took another glass of beer." Now it would be impossible to force a smile out of a laughing machine at such stupidity—unless some other favorite should say it. The new favorite—the "Danbury News Man"—can be as dull as he pleases while he lasts, and everything he says will be received as wise and witty. But he cannot last long. He has already taken the first step towards oblivion—he has published a book. By the time that he has published as many books as "Doesticks" and the rest, he will be as completely forgotten.

We like this "Danbury News Man" as much as it is possible to like any Danbury man. He is a bright chap, and he has made Danbury as bright as he is himself. If he goes on, people may even learn in what State Danbury is situated. We shall like him all the more for so important an addition to geographical discovery. Even the school geographies will have a chapter something like this: "Danbury, a village on the — river, or basin, or bay, or sound, or something, in the State of Conn.; population, the "Danbury News Man;" product, humor." Danbury, then, will be of as much importance as Ujiji and Ugogo, and the other places which Stanley discovered for the *Herald*; and the "Danbury News Man" will be as much a benefactor of mankind as the discoverer of Livingstone.

The Danbury News Man has been fortunate. Somebody has written his obituary already. From this we learn that his name is James Montgomery Bailey; that he is thirty-two years old; that he was born in Albany, worked as a carpenter, and fought in the war. We learn also that he is a genuine humorist, who wrote no book, made no series of articles in any well-known journal, and no studied productions of any kind. Yet his "bright thoughts" are well-known and his "local items" are "household words." The country Press is full of them. He is reaping the richest reward of the journalist—to be quoted. This is better than fame, for it is the rich and fruity anticipation of greatness. We have quoted some of his fine things ourselves, and we join an admiring world in celebrating his genius. We make merry because the dead Doesticks lives over again in numberless "local items." American humor is still in the ascendency, and we may, indeed, be glad for the gift of the Danbury Man.

But, alas! we shall see but little more of our beloved from Danbury. Soon he will be dead to Danbury itself. His book is in the press, and there is every reason to fear the pressure will be too heavy for him. "Local items" in a book—a newspaper scissored into a volume, regulation New England size! What is the world coming to? Next we shall be reading the calendar for its poetry, and preserving the racing columns for our children because of their sentiment. This man, among whose merits was the fact that he had written no book, and, luckily for the world, nothing else, has chopped a volume out of a pile of old

newspapers with a pair of shears, and expects men to read with gladness "local items" about Danbury! Oh, thou vain and foolish man of Danbury! We liked thy screeds; they were good when we found them; we did not expect them; taken one at a time, they were as delicious as a blue-pill in springtime. But nobody wants a whole box of blue-pills at a dose, and a dose of local items is equally dangerous.

## EDITORIAL TOPICS.

MILL played the piano.

BOUTWELL is a practical farmer.

PROCRASINATION is the Tweed of Time.

CHILDREN and fools always tell the truth—about other people.

THE Times calls Trenton Falls "The New Jersey Wonder." Oh!

The deposits in the national banks are much less than they were a year ago.

M. M. BALLOU has left the Boston *Globe*, and Charles Hale has become its editor.

It is said that Smith, of the Chicago *Tribune*, made \$60,000 out of the "hellbelle."

"Could there have been apples so far south as the Garden of Eden?" Yes; the Fall pippin.

A SAW-MILL owner in the South has suddenly, by the death of an English relative, become a saw-millionaire.

BALTIMORE uses its oyster-shells for making good roads. Anybody who has ridden over a shell road knows its value.

A FRENCH paper thinks T. B. Aldrich the most delicate of American humorists. Then it does not believe in Parson Brownlow.

In New Hampshire the farmers are asking for more fruit. The fruit that the anxious Hampshire husband loves is the cantalope.

An Italian painter wants to know whether he could find in America a fit model for a face of Apollo. There is Butler, and there is Tom Murphy.

"ALEXANDER DUMAS feels exasperated at many of his critics, who find fault with the moral of his plays." We never could find any moral in his plays.

In the Walworth trial the witnesses testified that the murderer was "the best boy they ever knew." We much prefer that boys should not be so good.

It is simply and stupidly silly

To make so much fuss with the Shah, When we've been condemning his brother In the saintly land of Utah.

CONTROLLER ANDREW H. GREEN has been arrested and fined for contempt in disregarding an order of court; so that he wasn't so much the autocrat of New York as he thought he was.

WISCONSIN has a native Heath. He has been in one hundred and twenty-five lawsuits. We do not learn how often he has been nonsuited, but if he likes law he ought at least to be suited.

THE New York *Times* thinks that the finances of the country are gradually returning to a gold and silver basis, and chooses to like it so. Well, that is our doctrine—the natural selection of the species.

A MR. REEVE, who lives near Bloomingdale, N. J., is said to possess a remedy for hydrophobia, which has never failed to effect a cure. As Mr. Reeve is not getting rich out of his secret he ought to give it to the world.

A man by the name of Toole, in Illinois, recently ate up a whole club dinner before his expected companions could arrive. Toole ought to have sung that sweet little song off Tennyson's—

"Toole ate, too late,  
Ye cannot enter now."

THE code of dueling is reviving in this country. When a man feels that he is wronged he gives the wrong-doer a chance to kill him also. The ridiculousness of this sort of thing is equaled only by the sufferings of the boy who falls out of a second-story window and gets licked for soiling his clothes.

THE *World* has succeeded in having Free-Trade talked of by the Press of the country; and one can easily see by the talking how much about Free-Trade the Press of the country don't know. Meanwhile, Colonel Forney seems to be the only editor who is heartily "in" for the championship of Protection.

MARSHAL SERRANO was recently giving a musical *fête* at his villa at Biarritz, when, upon complaint by the neighbors, the Mayor stopped it. Oh, that every midnight musical neighborhood in America had a Biarritz Mayor, who would accordeonly break up "Lectle Frog" and "When the Swallows Home-ward Fly"!

A man who has all along been in Europe has just come to the rescue of Colfax in the matter of the Crédit Mobilier check, which the man says was cashed to Oakes Ames. This may help Colfax, but though we have heard of fellows like old Satan tumbling out of heaven into the other place, we never yet heard of any one falling out of the other place into heaven. We may have defective hearing, but we never heard of it.

ONE-HALF the causes why the New York *Times* has been dim, dismal and lack-lusterless have arisen from its composition-room. Its appearance was repelling. Last week it assumed a new garb of type, and though we do not like the cold, heartless manner in which the *Times* is managed, we are bound to say that the change is an elegant one.

WHAT is it that the farmers of the West are really granging for? One paper says, "for free trade;" another, for Democracy; another, "for no monopoly." But, after all, it is the old story: the farmers of the West want more money for what they raise, and if they can get that—if they can obey Iago's injunction, "Put money in thy purse"—they will let free trade, Democracy, monopoly and everything else go.

Now let young Walworth's family be brought to punishment for allowing him to run at large while he was subject to get epilepsy and to kill people. It is no excuse that they proved epilepsy after the murder. Let every family with a known emotional lunatic in it be made responsible for his actions. People are very careful to hide the fact of the lunacy from the world until somebody gets slaughtered; then they are quick enough to claim all that law and lunacy allow.

CHARLES NORDHOFF, having made out that Paradise of the Pacific, Southern California, to be a land of unadulterated charms, has begun on Northern California. Mr. Nordhoff has an eye for beauty, but is blind to ugliness. Men have been known to look at the elegant semi-tropical sunsets that Mr. Nordhoff describes, and at the same time to feel for rascally fleas that Mr. Nordhoff don't describe. We do hope he will be just in regard to the Sacramento Valley. On the *Post* Mr. Nordhoff was coldly and severely just; and, in his way of burying politicians, the gravest man in New York. But now, the *Post* has turned from grave to Gay.

In the death of Miss M. A. Hall, the only sister of our late Mayor, the Evangelical Knowledge Society has lost one of its most active workers. Indeed, she may be said to have lived and died in its service. Her pen was so busy, her temper was so gentle, and her cultivation was so high and refined, that, to her friends, death visited her as the Autumn winds come to the roses, taking them from sight, but not from memory. Few knew her. It was better for the high and holy life of this one sweet woman, a lay Sister of Charity, that few should know her. Her satisfaction with her work was the more nearly perfect. But she who was unostentatious will have a greater reward. It is something even to be remembered so well by the few.

#### A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

THE following incident may be interesting for little girls to read about, though in experience it would be found far from pleasant. It happened April 16th, in Blue Cañon, California. Millie Coyan, aged about ten years, daughter of George M. Coyan, general manager of all the mines in and about Lost Camp, was assisting her younger sisters over the sluice-boxes, in the mine known as the Wood's Ravine, when she missed her footing and fell into the boxes, through which was running at the time about five hundred inches of water. She was swept for a distance of sixteen hundred feet through the sluices as though she had been a feather. It appears that she passed through the boxes in a sitting position, and, during her terrible race, tried repeatedly to rescue herself from what, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, would have proved fatal to the strongest man. Even while going at the rate of a railroad train, the girl exhibited presence of mind enough to let her head fall back into the water, to escape a piece of wood that was nailed over the boxes, and against which, but for the precaution taken, her brains would certainly have been dashed out. After being carried a distance of nine hundred feet, she was washed over a "dump" twelve feet high, falling into another sluice-box seven hundred feet long. Passing through the latter, she was swept over another "dump" twenty feet high, falling among rough, jagged rocks. Here she managed to crawl out a few feet from under the heavy body of falling water, and was shortly after rescued by Mr. Bartlett, foreman of the mine. It was found that she sustained severe injuries on the left knee, hip and side. Her face was also scratched and swelled, but fortunately neither will permanently disfigure her. At present she is improving rapidly, and it is hoped she will entirely recover from her injuries. Her escape from a terrible death is considered by those who understand the peril through which she passed as something miraculous.

TO SLEEP long, stretch yourself.

DECIT is invariably the refuge of the weak, commencing, perhaps, in mere excuses, and thence descending, by almost imperceptible gradations, to sin and crime.

#### NEW GOLD FIELD IN AUSTRALIA.

NEARLY two years ago gold was discovered at a place in the Gipps Land scrub, twelve miles from the Foster diggings, on Stockyard Creek; and the discovery was taken as implying that the large space of country between it and the nearest gold field is also auriferous. But the country was impassable owing to the denseness of the scrub or vegetation which covered it. A track cleared by Mr. Turton, an officer engaged in the government geodetic survey, has now opened a good width of country, and gold has been found on the banks of a

creek which is to be named Turton's Creek. Mr. Turton says:

"One man obtained 10½ ounces of gold out of a hole 2 feet deep and the same in width, with a tin dish, in one day. The prospectors also got 4½ ounces of very heavy gold on the same day in a similar manner. The creek is pegged out for a distance of about five miles, and from what I can learn, all or nearly so are getting gold in payable quantities. The creek is one of the tributaries to the Tarwin River."

The Gipps Land *Times* says: "As soon as the news reached the Foster diggings quite a stampede ensued, and the miners started out at once for the scene of discovery. The digging is alluvial, with slate formation; the sinking from two to four feet. The gold is coarse and water-worn. It is supposed that all the tributaries in the vicinity will prove auriferous. Mr. Turton is of opinion that the new discovery is on the same line of auriferous country as that on which Walhalla is situated. It was in consequence of that gentleman's opinion and advice that the discoverers prospected in the neighborhood. That part of the country had, it is thought, never before been penetrated by white men. Gold is believed to exist in plentiful quantities all through the neighborhood." It is stated that the parties first on the ground have been allowed to mark off immense claims, which they cannot work properly in any reasonable time.

BEAUTY may excite love, but beauty alone cannot sustain it.

A SIMPLE girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments, and by a mawkish sentiment which has as little to do with a true heart as has the gaudy dress she wears.

#### AN ARAB TRADITION.

A WRITER in the *Overland Monthly* relates the following: "This tradition, which I tell you," said Reis Hassien, "is many centuries old. It states that there was in Paradise a temple built up of precious stones. Man dare not utter its splendors. Deep in the midst of the plains of Eden it stood, angel built—a dazzling sanctuary. Our first parents sang their vesper songs in the twilight shadows of its courts; for there were pillared halls and cloisters of emerald and pearl, where fountains sprang aloft in the silent noon; and long, luminous vistas, where, hand in hand, those two first lovers walked in sinless beauty. Then there were pinnacles and domes of sapphire, blazing in the sunlight by day, and glittering in the starlight by night. From court and terrace waters wended out and the iris-crested cascades fell down to cool shady dells of asphodel below; for the temple was placed far within the privacies of that valley of Eden, whence the four rivers flowed eastward. However, sad to relate, upon the day Adam fell this glorious temple was shattered into a million of fragments, and sown broadcast over the earth. These fragments we now light upon and gather up with cost and care, and call them rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, but they are, after all, only that primeval palace. The sunset splendors and the diadems of princes, the Milky Way in the heavens and the spray that sparkles in the entanglements of a maiden's hair, are, alike, but the costly dust of that lost sanctuary—the sad remembrances of a departed Eden."

WHO WAS the first boy? Why, Belze-bub.

LIFE, according to the Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

#### THE RED SEA.

A CORRESPONDENT says that when he saw the Red Sea, the view on the surface was magnificent. The sea at first assumed the light-tawny or yellowish-red of sherry wine. Anon this wine-color grew instinct with richer radiance. As far as the eye could see, and flashing in the crystalline splendor of the Arabian sun, was a glorious sea of rose. The dusky red sandstone hills, with a border of white sand and green and flowered foliage, like an elaborately wrought cup of Bohemian glass enameled with brilliant flowers, held the sparkling liquid petals of that rosy sea. The surface, on examination, proved to be covered with a thin brickdust layer of infusoria slightly tinged with orange. Placed in a white glass bottle, this changed into a deep violet, but the wide surface of the external sea was of that magnificent and brilliant rose-color. It was a new and pleasing example of the lustrous, ever-varying beauty of the ocean world. It was caused by diatomaceæ, minute algae, which under the microscope revealed delicate threads gathered in tiny bundles, and containing rings, like blood-disks, of that curious coloring-matter in tiny tubes.

This miracle of beauty is not without its analogies in other seas. The meduse of the Arctic seas, an allied existence, people the ultramarine blue of the cold, pure sea with their vivid patches of living green thirty miles in diameter. These minute organisms are doubly curious from their power of astonishing production and the strange electric fire they display. Minute as these microscopic creatures are, every motion and flash is the result of volition, and not a mere chemic or mechanic phosphorescence. The *Photocaris* lights a flashing cirrus, on being irritated, in brilliant kindling sparks, increasing in intensity until the whole organism is illuminated. The living fire washes over its back, and pencils in greenish-yellow light its microscopic outline. Nor do these little creatures lack a beauty of their own. Their minute shields of pure, translucent silex are elaborately wrought in microscopic symbols of mimic heraldry. They are the chivalry of the deep, the tiny knights with lance and cuirass, oval and bossy shield carved in quaint conceits and ornamental fashion. Nor must we despise them when we reflect upon their power of accretion. The *Gallionella*, invisible to the naked eye, can, of their heraldic shields and flinty armor, make two

cubic feet of Billin polishing slate in four days. By straining sea-water, a web of greenish cloth of gold, illuminated by their play of self-generated electric light, has been collected. Humboldt and Ehrenberg speak of their voracity, their power of discharging electricity at will, and their sporting about, exhibiting an intelligent enjoyment of the life God has given to them. Man and his works perish, but the monuments of the infusoria are the printed ribs of the sea, the giant bones of huge continents, heaped into mountain ranges over which the granite and porphyry have set their stony seal for ever. Man thrives in his little zone; the populous infusoria crowd every nook of earth from the remote poles to the burning equatorial belt.—*Lippincott*.

A GREAT man is one who can lead his children to obey him when out of his sight.

A HOSPITALITE man is never ashamed of his dinner when a friend unexpectedly drops in to dine with him.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA.

UNQUESTIONABLY mistaken notions about hydrophobia cause an untold amount of anguish of mind to nervous people, to whom the terrier is a terror, and who tremble before the poodle during the period of the raging dog-star. Such people generally abominate dogs, and if they have canine pets forbid their children to play with them in hot weather, and torment the poor beasts to desperation by dint of continually testing their sanitary condition with applications of water. We take this opportunity, therefore, to state certain facts of the latest veterinary science on the subject of hydrophobia, taken from a recent address by Dr. E. P. Philpotts before the British Medical Association, and indorsed by one of the most distinguished of English naturalists.

There are two forms of canine rabies, only one of which is communicable to man. This form is called hydrophobia, and is always fatal both to animal and man. It is very rare at all times and actually less frequent in warm weather than in cold, so that if we are going to muzzle our dogs for hydrophobia, we had better do it in Winter than Summer. The degree of this rarity may be judged from the fact that very few physicians, even of long experience, can recall a single instance of a person dying from true hydrophobia. A man is perhaps about one-tenth as likely to die this way as to be struck by lightning, a danger scarcely worth lying awake about certainly.

But how about the large number of dogs that do undoubtedly go into a rabid condition every Summer, and run a muck down the street frothing, barking and biting? These are afflicted, according to Dr. Philpotts, with the second form of rabies, a distemper similar in symptoms to hydrophobia, but really distinguishable from it. This is quite common, especially in Summer. It is not, however, under any circumstances, communicable to man, and a bite by a dog in this condition has no other effect than the bite of a healthy dog. The attack is not generally fatal to the animal unless by scaring somebody into shooting him. In this distemper, as in hydrophobia, the dog froths, howls and snaps, and is afflicted with the same convulsions in the throat; while the hydrophobic dog flies from water, the distemper dog tries to drink it, but is unable. Nineteen out of twenty of the dogs shot every year for hydrophobia are only distempered, and if shut up for an hour or two would recover. This fact accounts, among other things, for the remarkable discrepancy between the shockingly large number of those who are yearly bitten by so-called mad dogs and the amazingly small number of actual deaths by that disease.

APES remain apes though you clothe them with velvet.

We may seek for friends, and fail to find them—we may even zealously strive to make friends, and yet realize in our sad experience that we have but made enemies; but we have it in our power to be able to say, "It has been my privilege to be a true friend; and better suffer at the friend deceived than be the base deceiver of a friend."

#### HOW THEY MAKE A CANNON.

THE Springfield *Union* says: "The preparations for making the new Hitchcock gun at the water shops are going on as rapidly as could be expected. The big shaft, which is being sunk in the northeast corner of the old drop-hammer room, has reached thirty-seven feet in depth, and will be completed next week. For a while the drilling and blasting went along rapidly, owing to the softness of the rock and the absence of the water; but when about twenty feet below the surface the water began to pour in, and a little further down the rock changed to a hard, grayish-red, conglomerate sandstone, exceedingly difficult to work. Two small pumps were put in to remove water, and although they are run seven hours each night, they prove incapable of carrying off the water as fast as necessary, and their place will be supplied this week with a rotary pump, with a capacity of two hundred and fifty gallons per minute. As the shaft has to be blasted fifteen feet in diameter in the clear, the progress is necessarily quite slow, and eight men have been employed at the work for nearly three months. The drilling is all done by hand, the holes being about two feet deep. The drilling is kept up from bell-time in the morning till noon, when five blasts of one and a half pounds of powder each are let off, one after the other, and another series of blasts are fired at four in the afternoon. Although the firing is in a hole nearly forty feet deep, there would be considerable danger to passers-by and the workmen from flying stones, were it not guarded against by a heavy covering of brush, which is placed over every drill-hole before firing. This shaft, it will be remembered from previous descriptions, is to contain the big hydraulic press which forms the anvil on which the gun will

be forged—i.e., the steel rings of which it is composed will be welded together by the blows from the ten-ton steam hammer overhead. As each eight-inch ring is added to the gun, eight inches of water will be let out of the press, and the gun will, of course, drop just that distance into the shaft. Then, when the forging is completed, and the 80,000-pound monster is ready for trimming and boring, it will be tipped over a little to one side, to avoid hitting the furnace and machinery at the top of the shaft, and the water will be let into the press, bringing the gun to the surface.

A CURIOUS song—"Carrom me back to Tennessee."

The first Boston songstress—Old Mother Hubbard.

#### SOME VARIETIES OF EYES.

BIRDS of lofty flight, as the condor, eagles, vultures and carrion-seeking prowlers of the feathered race, have telescopic vision, and thus they are enabled to look down and discover their unsuspecting victims. As they approach noiselessly from above, the axis of vision changes—shortening, so that they see just as distinctly within one foot of the ground as when at an elevation of one mile in the air. This fact explains the balancing of a fish-hawk on its pinions half a mile above a still pond, watching for fish. When one is selected, down the savage hunter plunges, the focal axis, varying as the square of the distance, giving the hawk a distinct view of its prey always. As they ascend, then the axis is elongated by a curious muscular arrangement so as to see far again. Snails have their keen eyes at the extremities of flexible horns, which they can protrude or draw in at pleasure. By winding the instrument round the edge of a leaf or a small stalk, they can see how matters stand on the opposite side. The hammer-headed shark has its wicked-looking eyes nearly two feet apart. It can bend the thin edgings of the head on which the organs are located so as to examine the two sides of an object the size of a fully-grown codfish. Flies have immovable eyes. They stand out from the head like half an apple, exceedingly prominent. Instead of being smooth hemispheres, they have an immense number of facets, resembling old-fashioned glass watch-seals, each one directing the light directly to the optic retina. That explains why they cannot be approached in any direction without seeing what is coming.

CHURCH people are opposed to steeple-races.

He that has delivered his country from oppression, or freed the world from ignorance and error, can excite the emulation of a very small number; but he that has repelled the temptations of poverty, and disdained to free himself from distress at the expense of his virtue, may animate multitudes by his example to the same firmness of heart and steadiness of resolution.—Johnson.

#### STREET CHILDREN IN LONDON.

AN English writer has just published a book, called, "The Jail Cradle; Who Rocks It," in which he brings home to every reader the condition of the street children of London, and shows what to many had not occurred before, that these poor creatures are human, and that their gradual degeneracy into criminals is due to the neglect of society toward them. He calls to mind the little outbursts of wickedness that the best of children in the happiest of homes are sometimes addicted to, and declares that these very outbursts in the street children lead to their arrest and imprisonment. The child that the police capture goes to some reformatory or prison for five years, and then is discharged to take its chances of being arrested again; the child that is ill-behaved at home is warned of its bad conduct, perhaps is sometimes whipped, and learns government gradually, grows up to be a man or woman, and takes its turn at whipping, training and educating somebody else. The children of the street know no government but that of the police, and no gradations of discipline. Educated as they are, it is as natural for them to grow up to hate law and society as it is for the others to become gradually a part of the well-behaved population. The writer starts with the idea of a general resemblance in the characters and natures of all children, and holds that the differences developed afterward are greatly due to different influences brought by circumstances to bear upon them. The remedy that he proposes and calls for is a change of treatment toward these poor things and a removal of their charge from the police to a board of humanitarians who shall try to prevent crime by educating children out of the schools for criminals that their present lives really are. The author visited the police court one day and saw 103 "juveniles" convicted for offenses that were "all such as well brought up boys have at some time or other been guilty of." The book is being read by many, and is a hopeful sign of the turn of thought to these most urgent topics.

THE Brunetti method, by which Mazzini's body was recently embalmed, is said to be even more effective in the preservation of the dead than that of the ancient Egyptians. It consists of several distinct processes: 1. The circulatory system is cleansed thoroughly by washing with cold water till it issues quite clear from the body. This may occupy from two to five hours. 2. Alcohol is injected, so as to abstract as much water as possible. This takes about a quarter of an hour. 3. Ether is then injected, to abstract the fatty matter. This occupies from two to ten hours. 4. A strong solution of tannin is then injected. This occupies, for thorough imbibition, from two to ten hours. 5. The body is then dried in a current of warm air passed over heated chloride of calcium. This may occupy two to five hours. The body is then perfectly preserved, and resists decay; and the Italians exhibit specimens which are as hard as stone, and retain perfectly every detail of form and feature.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 200.



PERSIA.—THE EASTERN FRONT OF THE SHAH'S PALACE AT TEHERAN.



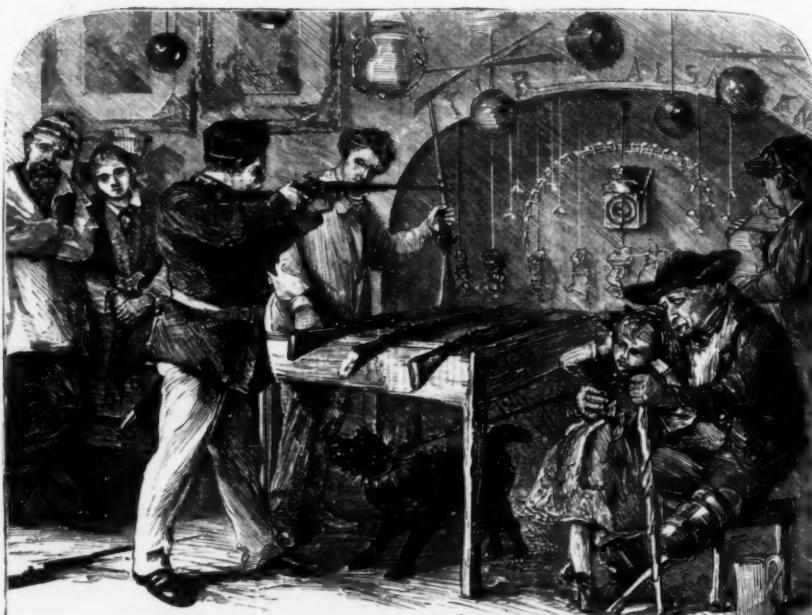
SPAIN.—THE MARKET FOR ARMS AT RASTRO, MADRID.



PERSIA.—PERSIAN BAZAAR AT TEHERAN.



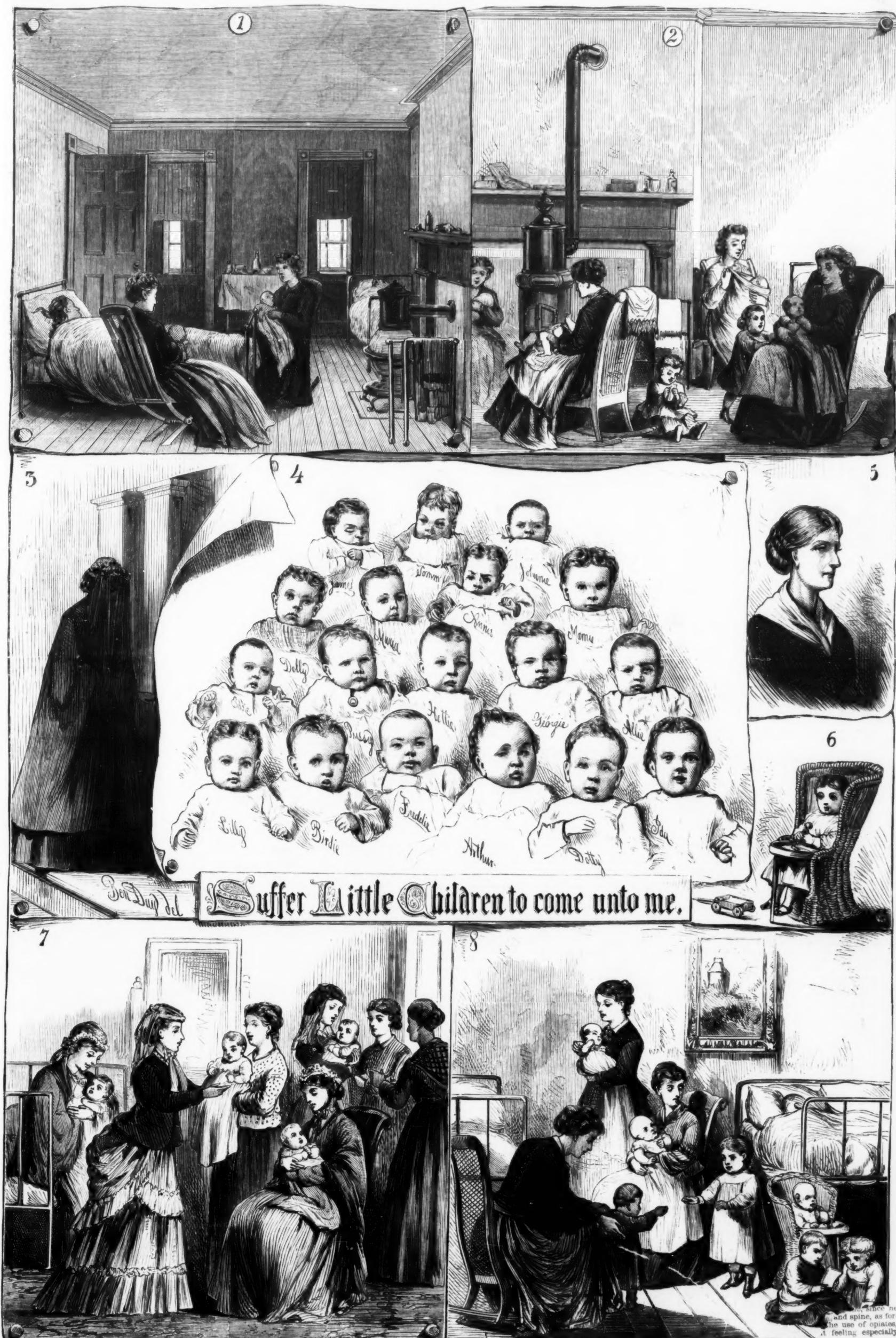
GERMANY.—THE SHAH AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT THE BERLIN PALACE.



GERMANY.—OVER THE OLD CAMPAIGN GROUND—THE PARTING SHOT.



ENGLAND.—THE ISLINGTON HORSE SHOW.



## ECHO.

BY

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

COME to me in the silence of the night;  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream;  
Come back in tears;  
Oh! memory, hope, love of finished years.  
  
Oh! dream, how sweet—too sweet, too bitter sweet—  
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;  
Where thirsting, longing eyes  
Watch the slow door  
That, opening, lets in, lets out no more.  
  
Yet come to me in dreams that I may live  
My very life again, though cold in death;  
Come back to me in dreams that I may give  
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath;  
Speak low, lean low,  
As long ago, my love—how long ago!

## A MINISTER AND A PICNIC.

BY

R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

"I'M just disgusted," said Nellie Harding, emphatically. "The Rev. George Abbott has arrived, and I believe that all Woodstock is crazy."

"Why, Nellie, child!" And Farmer Harding put down his cup of coffee, and looked in astonishment at his excited daughter. "What in the world is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing very distressing;" and Miss Nellie's face was full of genuine contempt as she tossed off her sun-hat and sat down to the pleasant breakfast-table—"only I hate hypocrites, and I haven't seen anything else this morning. You know I went out bright and early to see about the picnic. I wanted to get the names of everybody that was going, and arrange things generally; but do you know, father, everybody has backed out. I couldn't think what was the matter. First I went to Julia Rogers; she was busy getting breakfast, with the Bible in one hand and the toasting-fork in the other. I asked her about it, and she said with such an air, 'I have about decided that I haven't time to waste over such enjoyments.' Of course I asked her why, and was simpleton enough to try to urge her to make this an exception, and she began quoting the psalms right in my face and eyes. 'Let me never be confounded!' she whispered—just as if she were a martyr, and I was chief persecutor.

"Well, I left her and her good resolutions to support each other, and hurried down to Sarah Wells. She was singing, 'I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,' at the top of her voice, and when I told her what I wanted, proposed to change the picnic into a prayer-meeting. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Well, I've been all over the village. Some of the girls were making out lists for Sunday-school classes; some of them were hunting up things for the heathen—just think of it, father, before breakfast—but all of them had given up going to picnics.

"I didn't find out the reason until I got to Effie Blake's. She was all ready to go—you know she and Joe Cooper are engaged—and she told me what was the matter with the others. The new minister is very handsome, and he's not married, and they all want to be Mrs. George Abbott. Now don't you think they're a contemptible lot?"

Her father and mother laughed heartily at this recital, and the first said:

"Of course you've given it up, too?"

"Indeed I have not!" was the quick response. "I'll have that picnic if there's no one but myself to go to. I shouldn't object to a solitary day in the woods; but Effie and Joe will be there, and you and mother, so there'll be five of us, anyway—but don't I detest that minister! The idea of his turning all Woodstock around in this sort of style! A minister has no right to be good-looking and single."

"That's what the girls seem to think," said Mrs. Harding, slyly, while her daughter went on:

"But there'll be one person who won't bow down before his serene highness—and that's me. I hate these narrow-minded folks, who think that the gate into heaven is about half an inch wide, and squeeze themselves up into the smallest proportions, so there'll be no difficulty about their sliding in."

"It strikes me," said her father, with a little twinkle of his deep-gray eye, "that you're the least bit in the world unjust. How do you know the minister's one of that kind? Has he declined attending the picnic?"

"It isn't likely he has," and Nellie looked into her father's face in unfeigned astonishment. "What an idea! just as if I'd give him the chance!"

The farmer lifted his eyebrows a little, and moved away from the table.

"I don't see, then," he said, deliberately, "how you can judge him so accurately. Now, if you had asked him, and been snubbed, you'd have reason, while if he had promised to attend—as I believe he'd be very glad to do—why, then, you and he and the girls and the picnic would be all right."

Nellie's eyes brightened.

"I've a great mind to ask him," she began, doubtfully. "I don't want him, but if he should come 'twould be such a splendid lesson for those horrid hypocrites, and if he shouldn't, I'd have a chance to give him a piece of my mind. I'll do it!" and with a very determined face, Miss Nellie commenced packing up the breakfast-dishes. An hour later she had rung the parsonage-bell.

"I'll tell him right out," she mused, "that it's not a religious picnic—that we go to have a good time, and that it's altogether probable we shall dance, if we can get enough together."

The door opened suddenly here, and her reverie was ended for the Reverend George himself stood before her.

Now, this young clergyman had, if the truth must be told, been worried almost out of his life with callers. He had only arrived the morning before; and, during the twenty-four hours of his stay he had been waited upon diligently by young ladies and old, with Sunday-school information, home missions, hints about the heathen inhabitants, etc., etc., ad libitum. His last caller had been Miss Sarah Wells, who had, since Nellie's visit, seized upon her own suggestion of out-door prayer-meetings as a brilliant one, and had forthwith run with it over to the minister, who had failed to appreciate it as she had anticipated.

Mr. Abbott was too charitable to distrust the lady members of the Woodstock Episcopal Church; but their enthusiasm confused him not a little, and appalled him extremely. He had dismissed Miss Nellie, and had only just settled himself to work when Nellie rang; and, rendered desperate by interruptions, he proceeded to answer her.

"cross-looking man!" said Nellie, aloud: "Mr. Abbott?" "name?" answered the gentleman, who had set apart Friday afternoon

for religious discussions; and if you will be kind enough to reserve any plans, ideas or doubts you may have until that time, I will be greatly obliged. I am very busy now;" and Mr. Abbott stopped suddenly, rather taken aback by the laugh in his visitor's eyes.

"But, you see," said Nellie, frankly, "I don't want to come to any religious discussions. I don't like them. And I have neither plans, ideas, nor doubts to reserve. I only came to invite you to a picnic next Thursday afternoon."

"Oh!" And the evident relief in his tones brought the laugh to Nellie's mouth, notwithstanding his earnest efforts to the contrary. "Won't you walk in?"

Nellie's negative was a very demure one.

"You are 'very busy,' you know," she said; "and, besides, I wasn't coming in, anyway."

He laughed then.

"I don't understand how I can accept your invitation if I don't know where the picnic is to be held, and what time I am to present myself. You see," he went on, ushering her into the small library—for, despite her intentions, Nellie found herself over the threshold—"this is the first I have heard of it. I have had quite a number of lady callers, too."

Nellie felt her lip curling. She saw that he noticed it, and flushed confusedly, then hastily gave him the desired information.

"They are going to meet at our house—Farmer Harding's—at ten in the morning. But, Mr. Abbott, it isn't going to be a bit pious. We are going to dance; and we've engaged Old Simon, the fiddler, and—"

"And you anticipate a jolly time—is that it?" asked the minister, with a smile. "I'm glad you told me, for I shall have something to look forward to. I like good times myself."

"I'm so glad!" And impulsive little Nellie held out her hand. She would have drawn it back again in confusion; but he grasped it as frankly as it was offered, and, still holding it, said, cordially: "I shall be at your house, then, Thursday, at ten in the morning. I suppose there will be quite a gathering!"

"I don't know," said Nellie, honestly, with just a hint of trouble in her face. She began to feel as if it was her duty to advertise the minister's acceptance. "Maybe you'd better not come," she said at last, turning to her companion, with a little sigh. "I'm not sure of more than half a dozen, and that would be pleasant for you."

"Oh, yes, it would!" said Mr. Abbott, quickly. "A day in the woods is pleasant under any circumstances; but I thought you spoke as if it was to be quite a mammoth affair."

"So it was," responded Nellie; "but the girls have made up their minds that they won't go—and it's all on your account."

"All on my account!" repeated Mr. Abbott, in perplexity.

"Oh, I don't mean that," put in Nellie, confusedly. "I mean—that—Well, you see, old Mr. Grey didn't like picnics—and that sort of thing—and so I suppose they thought you objected to them—and perhaps—they concluded—that maybe—they'd better—as you—was—a-stranger—"

"Pay a little deference to my prejudices," said the minister, laughing, helping Nellie out of the slough of embarrassment. "But where is your deference? Am I to understand that you didn't care?"

Nellie looked up defiantly.

"Well, I didn't. I don't believe in prejudices, and I'm sure a minister oughtn't to have any. How can he know how people feel, if he don't do what they do in the while?"

"Sure enough," said Mr. Abbott, encouragingly. "But how did you come to invite me? I'm very much obliged, but I don't understand."

"Well," and Nellie made up her mind she had better confess all, "I said the girls were hypocrites, and you were narrow-minded; and father asked how I knew. He wanted to know if you'd refused to come—and, of course, you hadn't—and I thought I'd settle the matter, and ask you; because if you said No, I wouldn't be unjust and call you bigoted; and if you said Yes, I'd give the girls a lesson."

"Oh!" and Mr. Abbott's eyes twinkled at this candid exposition of facts. "Then I wasn't asked because my company was desired!"

"No," answered Nellie, deprecatingly. "You see I didn't know you then, and, of course, I couldn't care much about your coming; but I want you now, and I'm not going to say a word to the girls about your coming. I'll just tell them all what time we are to meet, and if there are only a few, why, we'll try to have just as good a time."

"The fewer the better," said the young minister, cordially; and then they shook hands again, and she started for home.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day of the picnic dawned bright and sunny, but Mrs. Harding arose with a severe headache, which would prevent her from attending; while the farmer had hay in the meadows which must be removed to the big barn before he could join in the festivities.

"But I'll drive over to the Island"—(where they were to have the picnic)—he said, consolingly, "some time this afternoon. You can expect me any time after four."

Nellie was nervous.

"Oh, father!" she said, desperately, as the possibility loomed up before her. "suppose nobody but Joe and Effie—and the minister should come!"

"Well," said Mr. Harding, "that's likely enough. You didn't really expect anybody else, did you?"

"Why, no; but I thought you and mother would be along. Why, it's just as if Mr. Abbott and I were to go by ourselves. Joe and Effie ain't any company," and Nellie's tone was distress itself.

"There's the minister now," and Mr. Harding hurried to the door. "Nellie here's in great trouble," he went on, after greeting the new-comer. "Mother's sick, and I've got to finish haying, and she's very much afraid the picnic will dwindle down to four."

"All the better!" said the minister, cheerily. "I was selfish enough to hope, as I came along, that there wouldn't be many."

Nellie looked a little relieved; and then Joe and Effie drove up, and the conversation turned.

Ten o'clock arrived, but with it came no other picnickers. Joe and Effie drove off in one buggy; Mr. Abbott and Nellie in the other.

"I'm sorry you are disappointed," said the minister, as they rode slowly along.

"Oh, I'm not, if you're not," responded Nellie, quickly. "I only thought—" But here she stopped suddenly short, and what she did or did not think the minister never knew.

They had a lovely day—the lovers' exclusiveness notwithstanding. As Mr. Abbott said during their ride home, "it had been perfect."

Woodstock was afame the next day, and the day after, and the day after that; in fact, for weeks the little town refused to settle down into its ordinary serenity. Julia Rogers and Sarah Wells were saddest among the faithful.

"Even ministers like sinners the best," sighed the first.

"Yes," acquiesced Sarah, sadly. "One might invent new plans of salvation every day, and the clergy would pass them over entirely."

For Sarah had never forgiven Mr. Abbott's rejection of her out-of-door prayer-meeting idea.

"I suppose they'll marry each other," said Julia, dolefully, "and settle down in Woodstock."

Julia's fears were prophetic—they did marry, and did settle down in Woodstock, and Mrs. Nellie Abbott, to this day, is chosen by the young people round about as general manager of all the Woodstock festivities.

## THE POISONED ARROW.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

I was on the afternoon of one of the hottest days of an African Summer that I left my farm to ascend the Drakensburg Mountain, for the purpose of finding, if possible, an eland, a species of antelope, to replenish my larder for the coming Christmas. I was at the time living alone in a glen formed by two spurs of the mountain, with but few neighbors, and no town within fifty miles, but as my Kaffirs had become sufficiently civilized to understand that Christmas time meant unlimited eating, I wished, by providing game, to save an ox. I had only five or six miles to go, and was well mounted, so I did not hurry, but, leading my horse up the steep pass, reached the place where I intended to sleep just as the sun was setting.

The scene around, though quite different from our ideas of what it should be in December, was very beautiful. There were no snow, no leafless trees with their delicate tracery set off by the glistening hoar-frost, nor dark green fir bunting under their white load; but still there was enough to keep me standing, forgetful of firewood, and all I had to do for my comfort during the night.

I was on a narrow ledge of rock, separated from the network of hills beyond by a deep, perpendicular gorge, at the bottom of which, so far down that I could hardly distinguish it, ran a little brook. The setting sun gave the peaks that rich purple hue seldom seen away from heather; and on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, lay the thorn-covered flats and hills of Natal.

Under the rock was a large cave, where I had determined to sleep. It had in olden times been a regular resort of the Bushmen, but few came near it now; indeed, I had not known they came at all, but, on going in, I found some calabashes and the ashes of a newly made fire, which could have been only left by them. There were other marks on the walls, though evidently of great antiquity: rude sketches and drawings of horses, cattle, bows and arrows, and even of a Bushman riding. It is most curious that a race so low down in the scale of humanity that their language only contains a few words made up of unpronounceable clicks, and who, with the exception of the use of fire, in their mode of life differ but little from the ape, should have learned to do this. It may be that it is a remnant of an old sign language, or the remnant of some former civilization.

It was a full moon, and after admiring the wonderful lights and shadows thrown by it on the broken ground, I turned in and slept till near daylight.

As soon as I could see I started to hunt. Much to my annoyance at the time, though I had afterward cause to be thankful that my horse was spared such a gallop as riding down an eland entails, I could find nothing, and could tell by the spoors that no herd had been about for some days. It was nearly noon before I became convinced of this; and, tempted by the shade of a line of tree ferns edging a little brook whose bubble sounded refreshingly amid the great heat, I took my saddle off, knee-halter'd Prince, and lay down. Of course I soon dozed off, but became awake again in about a couple of hours. I say "became awake," because it was not the natural rousing up of a person who has been asleep, but a sudden return to consciousness, without any movement, and with all my wits about me, and that inward feeling, which perhaps some of my readers may have experienced, of something being wrong, and a tension of all the powers of hearing to discover what it is. I had not long to wait; whiz come a tiny arrow, striking the stone on which my head had been resting, and where my cap still was. It did not require much thinking to know that a Bushman's hand held the bow it had come from, nor to determine that the safest thing to do was to roll quietly into the bed of the little brook below me. Luckily, this would afford good shelter, and I could almost reach the edge with my hand.

The tremendous violence with which these streams come down from the hills during the heavy thunderstorms wears a deep passage even in the hardest ground; and though there was only about an inch of water, and it was not a yard broad, the banks were full four feet deep. Leaving my cap where it was, I rolled over as quietly as I could; but just as I was disappearing, another arrow came and struck me in the thigh, the only part not yet in safety. It took all my self-control to continue my movements as before until I stood crouching at the bottom. "Why," the reader may exclaim, "the pain of such a tiny arrow could not be very great." No, neither is the bite of a snake itself, yet of the two the latter is the least to be dreaded. It was, of course, poisoned with that deadly skill for which the whole tribe is famous; and as I stood below I knew I had little chance of seeing another sunrise.

However, with that self-help that men who lead a solitary life acquire, I instantly drew my hunting-knife, ripped up the trowsers with a steady hand, cut out the arrow-head, not sparing myself. I then took my flask and poured powder into the wound, and gently striking a match, set fire to it. That done, I took off my belt, and using my full force, strapped it a little above, as tight as it would go. I do not think that in doing all this I had any hope of saving my life: there was only a sort of feeling that I was doing my duty. The pain was not very great, and my chief thought was for vengeance on the malignant creature that I looked upon as my murderer. I rightly imagined that he was not aware of his success. No doubt he thought he had missed me, and that I was still lying asleep, in proof of which I soon heard the whiz of another arrow striking above. Moving down about a yard to where the overhanging ferns could conceal me, I quietly raised my head; the ground was slightly rising, and I could see around for some distance. There was my horse unconsciously grazing away, but the grass was too long for me to see my enemy's whereabouts. I, however, guessed that he would try and get between us, and so I waited, watching and grasping my rifle.

Ten minutes passed in silence, and then I fancied that the grass was moving unnaturally. In another second a hand and bow appeared. I heard a little twang, and saw the tiny messenger of death again pierce the spot where I had been. I kept myself from firing, though I covered the place. Surely he would become impatient and give me a better chance. Another ten minutes, and suddenly in a different spot, which commanded a better view of my cap, a little black head peered over the grass.

It was enough; and as I fired, a shrill shriek and a spasmodic spring into the air told me that I had nothing more to fear.

Getting out as quickly as possible, I dragged myself—for the limb was now much swollen, and becoming more and more painful—to my saddle, where I carried in a little bottle some *eau de luce* for snake-bites, and poured out a large dose. After drinking it, I caught my horse, saddled it, and picking up two of the arrows, went to have a look at the dead Bushman. He was scarcely over four feet high, with arms so long and thin as to reach deformity, short and bow legs supporting a little round body—he had evidently not been starving lately—and features so closely resembling those of an intelligent ape, that, had there been a tail, no one would have thought twice about the matter. I did not remain long; there was no time to lose; so, taking his bow, I mounted, and putting the horse at his best pace, started on my long ride. I knew perfectly well that the only chance, such as it was, of saving my life, depended on my reaching Ladysmith that night, and obtaining medical assistance. The distance was fully sixty miles, and, with one exception, there was nothing but Dutch boers' houses on the road, whence I could hope for any help. For the first twenty miles I kept steadily on my way, though the agony was dreadful, and I could hardly sit on my horse. I then reached an Englishman's farm, pulled up, told my story, and asked for spirits to keep my strength up, and the loan of a fresh horse. I shall not easily forget his wife's scared look as she came out and saw me by the light of her flickering candle. I suppose I must have seemed half mad. They brought me out a full bottle of whisky and a tumbler, which I filled

The ladies were gorgeously dressed, as much so as I had ever seen them upon any occasion in England. The leader of fashion was an American, a daughter of one of the United States naval heroes, but married to a foreigner at Hong-Kong. She was *petite* in size, dressed in a pink silk train, for the waist and sleeves were nothing to speak of. She had a necklace composed of twenty-five diamonds, a diamond tiara upon her head; arms flashing back the lustre from the bracelets covering them; she flashed and glistened as she moved, and eclipsed all rivals by her ornaments. The other ladies were all attired in ball dresses, blue, amber, and Nile-green silks, some in taffeta, and all wore many diamonds.

The table had plate of the elegant frosted silver made in China, and the most unique Chinese porcelain. By each plate lay a bouquet of flowers, and behind each plate stood a Chinese servant, in spotless white. The dinner consisted of twelve courses, abundance of fruit, flowers in profusion; and the regimental band in the veranda outside, made delightful music. After a sitting of two hours, the ladies retired to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen to the garden to smoke, where wine and cigars were carried to them. The dinner was much like a state dinner in any civilized country.

Just after our arrival in Hong-Kong a typhoon was expected one day; and all our rear windows looking upon the harbor were boarded up. The previous year great damage had been done, and many houses were overflowed and ruined by neglect of precautions for safety. A typhoon is a "terrible blow," worse than any hurricane, and while it lasts, which is generally not more than half an hour, sometimes less, is dreadful.

First came an ominous silence, as though all Nature had stopped breathing; then a terrific roaring, which gradually increased in loudness, bringing the wind, whirling and tearing up trees, twisting them like reeds, creating a vacuum over the bay which drew up boats and small vessels, and apparently dropped them again, an undistinguishable mass. Thunder and lightning added to the terrors of the scene. The rain also came in torrents, and pelted upon the windows in great plashes, like hail. I sat with the children in the centre of one of our front rooms, listening to the deafening roar, and trembling in anticipation of what might come next. But it soon passed away, the sun came out, and we could look upon the destruction—not so great, I was told, as was usual upon such occasions. The water was strewn with wrecks, floating boxes, spars, and other *debris*; some of the choicest shrubs in our garden lay low; the walks were covered with broken branches of trees, and most of our trellises were down.

I never could think of a typhoon without terror, for generally the barometer gave us notice, and we had time to make some preparation; yet experience never lessened the fears with which we awaited one.

### THE NEW YORK INFANT ASYLUM.

THE New York Infant Asylum was organized upon the basis of a charter granted in 1865, and opened at No. 24 Clinton Place, for the reception of its beneficiaries in November, 1871. About the same time a Nursery was established at Flushing, L. I., where the babes have an opportunity of becoming robust under the influence of the most delightful air.

But the Infant Asylum has a distinct mission beyond that of caring for social waifs. Two very distinctive features are its aim—to gather unfortunate women to its shelter long enough before the time of their confinement to afford them the best medical attention, and to take equal care of mother and child by hiring the former as nurse.

By these means several important objects are obtained. The most perfect secrecy of name, residence and details of the matter is preserved. The sick ladies are treated as human beings, requiring, at that time particularly, unrestricted sympathy and the skill of a conscientious physician. There are no reproaches, no insidious allusions to a fall, no affection of regard.

Generally in the case of illegitimate children, the mother finds herself a social outcast, borne down by the oppression of a sense of shame. Two crimes are at once suggested—suicide and infanticide. In the misery of her desolation, the natural impulses of the young mother are paralyzed. It seems impossible to her distracted brain that both herself and child can live, and seek again a good life. Her ostracism must be atoned by a sacrifice. The babe is the subject, and its ultimate disposition depends upon the ingenuity of the mother.

The Infant Asylum, by its care of poor mothers, does more to prevent child-murder than any other institution or system of philanthropic labor. Considering that in 1871 there were between 2,500 and 3,000 illegitimate children born in New York City, and that every day the rivers, the city cemeteries, private areas, ash-boxes, vaults and sewers are giving up the dead bodies of these poor infants, there is an immense field for this particular institution.

It is the only Protestant organization of its kind in the State, but is not under sectarian control. It is managed by a Board of Trustees, consisting of well-known gentlemen, while its domestic and social interests are fostered by a board of lady managers, who represent all the Protestant denominations.

As the great aim is to save women from falling into a regular life of shame, the candidate for kind, sensible treatment is reported by some of the active members of the society, and if found anxious to reform, is welcomed to the Home. She is surrounded by the purest influences, and soon discovers that she is not regarded as a loathsome thing. She learns the duties required of her, and all thoughts of self-destruction or infanticide are dissipated. On the birth of her child she becomes its nurse, and repays her obligation by a service of two months. She receives a monthly donation sufficient to procure clothes for herself and babe. Should she fear a relapse to indiscretion, she has the privilege of remaining at the House of Reception, or going to the Nursery in the country, to take care of children of mothers unable properly to nourish them.

In case an inmate desires to engage in work, efforts are made to secure her a home where she will have watchful care. She is permitted to call at any time to see her child, which remains under the charge of a more recent beneficiary.

There are few fields of Christian work more interesting than this. A hearty reception will be extended by the matron and nurse, and in the front parlor will be found several clusters of ladies, eagerly watching the progress of a grand idea, and consulting upon current interests. The building is so crowded that the back parlor is devoted to the inmates, while the upper floors are lively with the prattle of babes.

The most noticeable feature of the large "family" is the extreme plumpness and vigor of the babies. At the time our representatives visited the Asylum, there were only two exceptions, each but a few weeks old, and one suffering from a cold contracted

by being cast away in a cellar to the mercy of strangers. Each babe was a pet. The mothers mingled together without any discord. Mrs. Palmer, then matron, flew about, looking after some complaining child; and the open, cheerful, sympathetic face of Mrs. Gibbons was now bent over a crib, and then to the ear of a newcomer, while a stream of kindness flowed into the humbled stranger's heart. Everything was neat, clean, and comfortable.

In October last it was decided to purchase the large house—about 50 feet square, three stories high, built of brick—situate at the northeast corner of Sixty-first Street and Tenth Avenue, in New York City, with the eight lots of ground, fronting 100 feet on Tenth Avenue and 200 feet on Sixty-first Street, upon the rear of which there is also a two-story brick building, about thirty feet square, both of which buildings will be admirably adapted for the purpose with very slight alterations. The purchase was completed about the 1st day of November, and the deed duly delivered and placed upon record.

The present number of inmates is as follows: At the House of Reception ten children and fifteen women; at the Asylum on Sixty-first Street, twenty-eight children and eighteen women; and at the Nursery at Flushing, thirty-four children (large enough to run about) and eighteen women, making a total of seventy-two children and fifty-one women. It is extremely gratifying to state that there have been no premature births, no puerperal diseases, no deaths of adults, and no still-births, in the Asylum to date. There is little doubt that such a statement could not be made had the unfortunate mothers been deprived of such a shelter as was offered by the Asylum.

The group of babies in our engraving is faithful in portraiture, each child being photographed separately for this purpose.

### THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

#### PHILADELPHIA TRANSFERS THE GROUNDS TO THE NATIONAL COMMISSIONERS.

PHILADELPHIA was unusually patriotic on the Fourth of July, and Fairmount Park was the scene of a preliminary step toward the celebration of the Centennial of American Independence. The occasion was the delivery by the city authorities to the Commissioners of the tract of Lansdowne, which was selected for the erection of the Exposition and other buildings; and a great throng witnessed the ceremony. The Lansdowne is a magnificent plateau of land, situated in West Fairmount Park, and about two and a half miles from the Green Street entrance, or the frontier of the city on the west. The tract contains a beautiful rolling stretch of four hundred and fifty acres, and is ample enough for all purposes of the great exhibition. The only objection to the spot is its distance from the city, but this impediment will be very materially obviated or overcome by a scheme of transit that has been proposed and will be adopted for the transportation of visitors to the exposition by temporary conveyance.

The entire tract is free from heavy undulations and hills. The buildings can therefore be erected with greater ease, and will present, when completed, a more magnificent view.

On the afternoon of the Fourth, shortly after three o'clock, the procession was formed; and, after a slight delay, the carriages with invited guests were driven to the Park. A stand had been erected large enough to accommodate five hundred people, and a fine orchestra was provided. Bishop Stevens offered a prayer; the President's Proclamation was read by Secretary Robeson; President McMichael, of the Park Commissioners, transferred the ground to the Centennial Commission; and General Hawley, President of the Commission, accepted the trust.

In consequence of the death of his father, President Grant did not attend; but the following persons were noticed in the company of prominent gentlemen:

Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States; W. A. Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury; W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War; George W. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy; C. Delano, Secretary of the Interior; J. A. J. Creswell, Postmaster-General; Senator H. Williams, Attorney-General; Senator John Scott, of Pennsylvania; J. W. Douglass, Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Frederick Watts, Commissioner of Agriculture; General Easton, Assistant Quartermaster-General, U.S.A.; M. S. Quay, Secretary of Pennsylvania; ex-Governor William Bigler, of Pennsylvania; George W. Farman, Postmaster of Philadelphia; James W. Lotta, Adjutant-General, Pennsylvania; ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, Pennsylvania; J. G. Blaine, Speaker House of Representatives; Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; Governor Ponder, of Delaware; Governor D. P. Lewis, of Alabama; Governor Newton Booth, California; Governor Charles R. Ingalls, Connecticut; Governor W. D. Bloxham, Florida; Governor Joel Parker, of New Jersey; Governor John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania; Governor E. J. Davis, of Texas; Governor C. C. Washburne, of Wisconsin; Governor R. C. Power, of Mississippi; Professor Benjamin Pierce, Superintendent of the Intendancy Survey.

The occasion was a happy and successful one. To the honor of Philadelphia, which never does anything by halves, there was no disturbing element. It is most fitting that the Centennial should be held at Philadelphia, and that the transfer of the grounds should have been made on the Fourth of July.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Teheran, the Capital of Persia.

This city was made the capital of Persia in 1796, by Aga Mahomed Khan, the founder of the reigning Turco-Mongolian dynasty. It is situated on the great plain at the base of the Elburz range of mountains, in a country as parched and barren as any territory which distresses those who are accustomed to green fields and trees covered with foliage. The plain around Teheran shows some verdure in Spring, and some of the villages outside the capital on the higher grounds form a comparatively pleasant retreat when the town itself becomes unbearable;

for Teheran is only a collection of crooked and narrow streets, and miserable houses built of sun-dried bricks, all inclosed by a strong and high mud wall, flanked with numerous towers and a dry ditch. The only building of real consequence in the place is the citadel, which contains the palace and the dwellings of the Court. It is true that in the neighborhood there are two Royal country-houses, the Takhti-i-Kujerish and Nigabistan; and there is also a heap of rubbish strewn with bricks and broken crockery, known as the ruins of Rai, the Raga of the ancients, and once the capital of the Parthian Empire. But on these ruins there stands only the village of Shah Abdul Azeezm, an agglomeration of about 500 mud huts. The table-land on which Teheran is planted subjects it to a sort of vertical exposure, the hot, stifling air rather dries than re-

freshes the lungs, and the whole animal system falls prostrate before it. The principal inhabitants flock to the neighboring villages during the hot weather, the favorite retreat being a range of villages at about three hours' journey, near the mountains of Shemiroun. It is through the hot streets of Teheran that the processions of mourners go, perhaps, most frequently in Persia; and here, too, the punishment of death or mutilation follows public adjudication, which the Shah superintends twice a day, or twice a day he sits to hear the complaints or judge the causes of the people, a practice which is still retained, although it is often merely a formal recognition of the old custom. The mud walls and buildings of sun-dried bricks may be accounted for by the frequency of earthquakes, shocks of which are sometimes of daily recurrence; so that, near Tabriz, it is not uncommon to find the buildings half subterranean and entirely built of mud.

##### Market for Arms in the Rastro, Madrid.

The Rastro is a well-known quarter of Madrid, where old and new arms and military clothing are sold, and where effects the most picturesque are sometimes presented, through the variety and the novelty of the uniforms and offensive weapons, arranged so as to attract the eye of visitors or intending purchasers. At the present juncture, when the Government is barely able to hold its own against the Carlists, and when every citizen finds it necessary to carry arms, the Rastro may be regarded as not only the busiest, but one of the most important portions of the city. Here, at certain hours of the day, both civilians and military commingle with a view to inspecting the heterogeneous mass of swords, guns, and uniforms of every possible description, and for the further purpose of learning all that is to be learned regarding the progress of the insurrection. Our engraving gives a very spirited idea of this mart and those who frequent it, and the warlike fostering influences which it exerts over the populace that may ere long be called upon to defend the capital at the point of the sword.

##### The Shah of Persia at Berlin.

During the stay of the Shah at Berlin, the Emperor and Crown Prince exerted themselves to amuse their Asiatic visitor. On his arrival at the Royal Palace he was received with great ceremony by the Emperor and the chief dignitaries of the Empire. In the evening there was a gala performance of the opera of "Sardanapalus," which was attended by the Imperial family in compliment to the Persian autocrat. The next morning he went to Potsdam, where he saw a review of the Prussian Guard. The review over, the Shah dined with the Emperor and Prince at Babelsberg Castle. The next day he went to the German Parliament, which was then sitting, and afterward inspected the Museum. It will, perhaps, astonish our young Americans to be told that he declined attending the races in the famous Hoppe Gardens. He then bade adieu to his Imperial host, and started for Essen, in Rhine Prussia, where he inspected Krupp's great cannon foundry, and gave a large order for field-guns. He thence went to Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Baden, Cologne, Spa and Brussels, where he was met by Sir H. Rawlinson, who invited him to England.

##### Over the Old Campaigning Ground—The Last Shot.

The French, like the old soldier in the "Deserted Village," and indeed like most military people, love to fight their battles over again. Although the eye may be no longer sharp and quick, or the aim steady and true, they join with great gusto in a pastime that has become national, such as we illustrate to-day under the above title, and which is very dearly cherished, especially in Alsace. The figures in our engraving are admirably conceived and drawn, and besides evince much character. The "Tir," which is another name for the warlike amusement under consideration, is essentially a French institution, and one that is most popular among the peasantry. Pierre loves to try his skill on the tobacco-pipes so neatly arranged round the Jack-in-the-box containing M. Thiers, or to blaze away at priest or potentate, Badinguet or *ce vieux* Bismarck, while showing Jeannette how he would serve the originals could he but get the chance. Sometimes also he treats little Marie to a *pistolet*, and sometimes gazes on admiringly while old Jean with the wooden leg demonstrates on Polichinelle how he picked off that Arab chief at the siege of Constantine. In fact the "Tir," combined with the roulette and gingerbread-table, forms the great "fun" of a French fair. In our picture, however, neither Pierre nor Jean are at the table. Their place is taken by a man of stern reality, one who has laid low many a real live *pion-piou* like that smart young puppet at the end of the row, who has perhaps had a shot at Badinguet himself, but who is not beyond exercising his marksmanship at the figure of Papa Thiers. Perhaps there may be a bit of revenge in this, for has not the ex-President, by careful management and clever diplomacy, managed to pay off the indemnity and thus compelled him to leave his pleasant quarters and return to dull, drowsy Germany, to the monotonous barracks life of some moth-eaten old town, to black bread and *erbswurst*? Yes, Fritz is just leaving for his Fatherland, but before joining his column cannot resist the temptation to have a "parting shot" at the effigies of his old antagonists.

##### Judging Hunters at the Islington Horse Show.

We give a graphic picture of a very characteristic scene at the Horse Show in Islington, a suburb of London. After disposing summarily of the thoroughbreds, the prizes for which fell to a celebrated horse named "Masaniello," and to another called "Captivator," the judges proceeded to take in hand the heavy-weight hunters, which consisted of thirty-three. They were to be equal to not less than fifteen stone, and the selection of four animals to fit the four prizes of £60, £30, £20 and £10, caused considerable trouble. The horses were brought into the arena in three batches of ten, eleven and twelve at a time, and the process of weeding out the ineligible competitors was watched with great interest. At length, from the few horses left in the ring, an animal named "Marmalade," and owned by the well known Mr. Tattersall Musgrave, was chosen for the blue ribbon, the second prize being adjudged to "Landscape," a beautiful horse owned by Mr. Iverson. Mr. Fearon's "Romeo" obtained the third prize, and Mr. Trinder's "Rouge et Noir" gained the fourth. As an incident in a sport which has already in this country grown into a favorite pastime, the scene is one of great interest to all who admire fine horses.

COAL-CUTTING MACHINE.—A coal-cutting machine is reported to have been invented, and to be actually at work, with brilliant results. It is said that it can cut, in eight hours' time, 350 feet of coal, yielding from 70 to 75 tons in weight, which production is stated to represent the work of forty men for the same period. Only three or four men are required to tend the machine, and the calculation is that in time the labor of 300,000 out of the 360,000 men at present employed in coal mines can be dispensed with. Moreover, the waste incidental to hand-cutting, which is estimated at 12 per cent. of the whole product, will be reduced to one-third of the amount by the use of the new machine—an economy of no fewer than 10,000,000 tons of coal every year.

##### PERSONAL.

THE newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia is 82 years of age.

THE diocese over which Bishop Kip, of California, presides, owes him \$21,000 arrears of salary.

HONORARY degrees have been conferred at Oxford upon Mr. James Russell Lowell and Professor Tyndall.

AMONG the degrees conferred at Dartmouth was an A.M. upon Whitelaw Reid, and another on Edmund C. Stedman.

PRINCE TORLONIA, the Roman banker, has offered his villa to Father Beckx, General of the Jesuits and his followers.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN has given Ascension Church, Washington, a lot of land, costing \$30,000, for a new church building.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD has consented to defer his proposed visit to Europe, in order to assist Professor Agassiz in establishing the Anderson School of Natural History on Penikese Island.

THE late Professor Goldstucker has left his manuscript San-krit Dictionary to the India Office with the condition that it is not to be published till 1920, because of his dislike to contemporary criticism.

DISRAELI has been complimented by a grateful memorial signed by 11,500 women, 9,000 of them being inhabitants of Great Britain, thanking him for his labors on behalf of the Woman's Disabilities Removal Bill in Parliament.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON's first reception was the most brilliant official festival since the fall of the Empire. The house was filled with army officers all in full uniform, and literally everybody was present. There were 800 persons in the saloon.

THE Emperor of China in two official edicts announces the degradation and punishment of the chief of the eunuchs for "handling the dishes carelessly," and of the chief of the stables for "not being punctual, and having his beasts in bad condition."

MISS HULETT, Chicago's new lady lawyer, has studied law three years, and was admitted to the Bar after a severe examination before the Supreme Court. There were twenty-three gentlemen in the class, and she surpassed them all. The average age of the class was twenty-four, and she was but nineteen.

MEXICO is not one of the ungrateful Republics. She has voted \$50,000 for a monument to the late President Juarez. The national flag is to be run up every time his birthday comes round, and each of his daughters has been voted a pension of \$3,000 while single, and \$1,500 after marriage. The best biographer of Juarez will be rewarded with \$2,000.

THE Shah of Persia has conferred the Order of the "Sun and Lion," in brilliants, on Prince Bismarck. The prince's eldest son, Count Herbert von Bismarck, has received the same decoration in a less distinguished form. The Shah has also conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the "Sun and Lion" on Count Roon, the Prussian Prime Minister, and the Officer's Cross of the same Order on Frederic Bodenstedt, the professor translator of the songs of Mirza Schaff, the Persian poet.

##### WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR is at Newport.

MME. RUDERSDORFF is at Swampscott, Mass.

OLE BULL goes to Norway for two or three years.

CHARLES O'CONOR sends his family to Saratoga.

SENATOR MORTON, of Indiana, goes to Colorado.

MISS NEILSON, the actress, sailed for Europe on the 21.

GENERAL ROSECRANS is acrating at San Rafael, Cal.

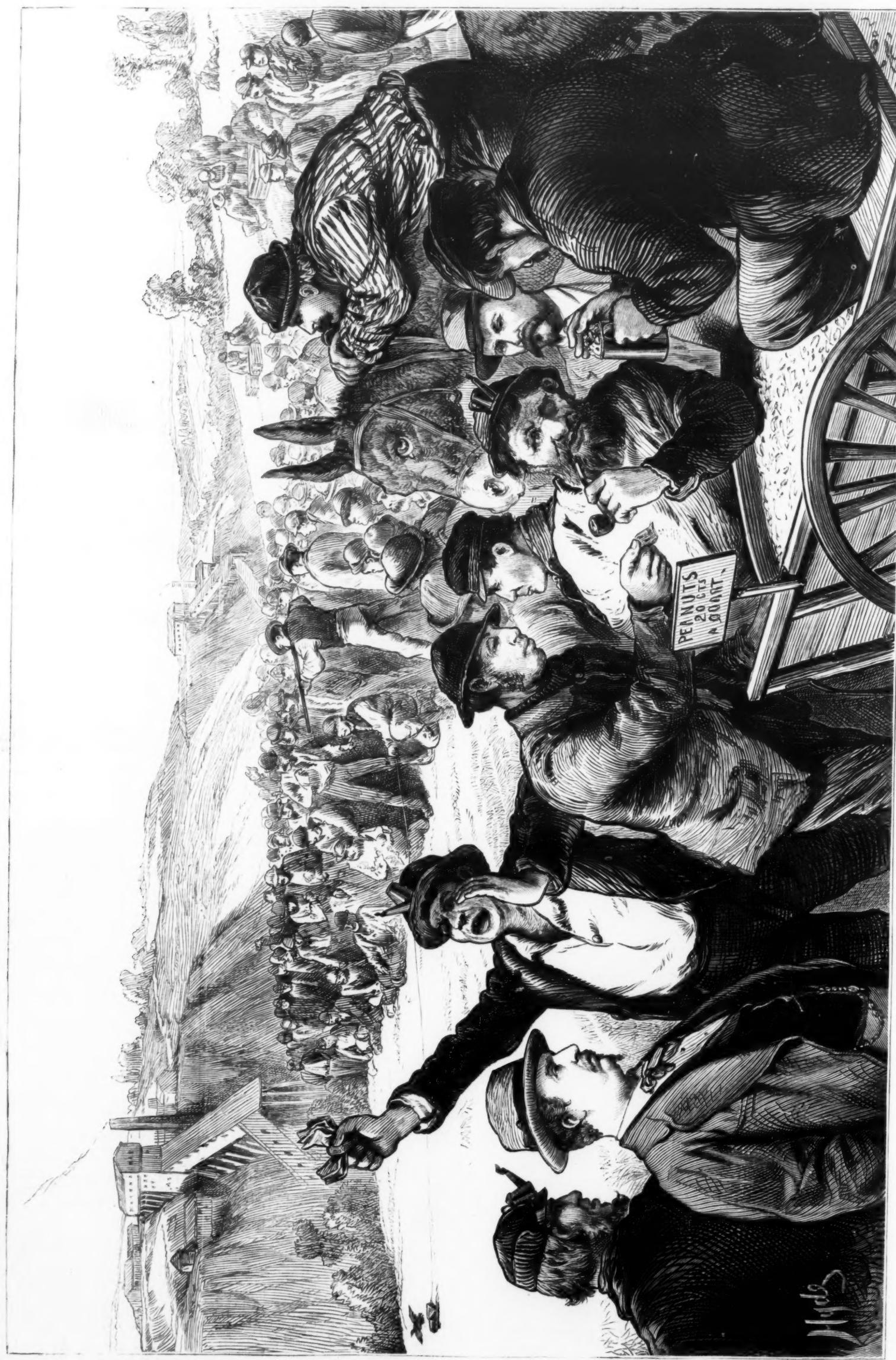
MR. AND MRS. A. T. STEWART will summer at Saratoga.

SECRETARY RICHARDSON's family are at Long Branch.

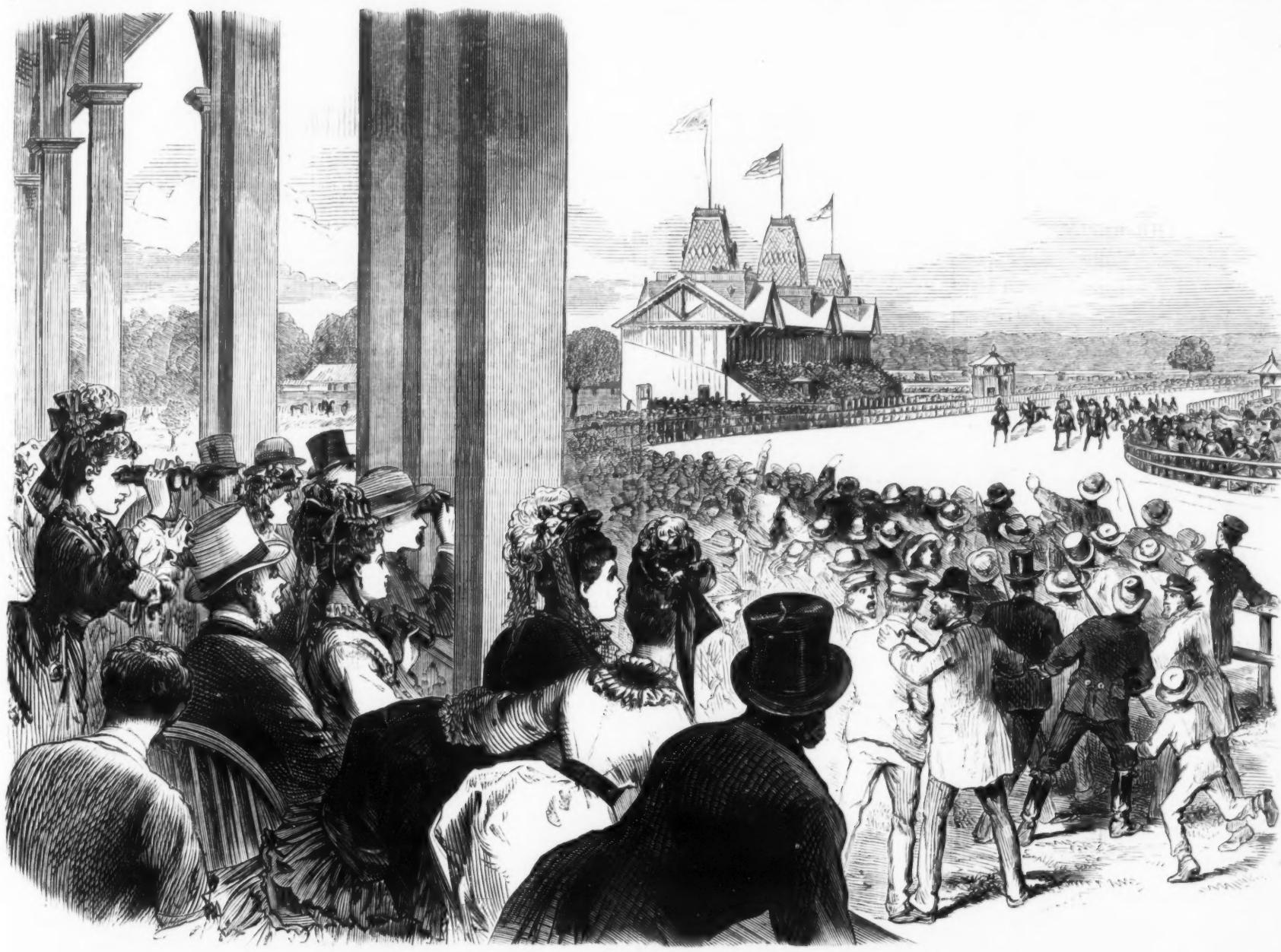
MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM B. DUNCAN go to Europe for six months.

THE HON. FRANCIS KERNAN has sailed for Europe for the Summer.

PERE ET MERE HYACINTHE are coming to this country in the Fall.



FOURTH OF JULY IN PENNSYLVANIA—A PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.—DRAWN FROM LIFE, BY J. N. HYDE.



MONMOUTH TROTTING PARK.—“THE JERSEY DERBY”—THE FREE OPENING, JULY 4TH.—SEE PAGE 303.

**PIGEON SHOOTING AMONG THE COAL MINES.**

TRANSIENT visitors to the prominent coal-fields have few opportunities for seeing the dusky miners in anything like a social situation. Most miners have an idea that, beyond emerging from the bowels of the earth at night, and spending the greater part of their leisure in drinking-saloons, these toilers have no strictly social customs. Like every class of people whose daily duties and relax-

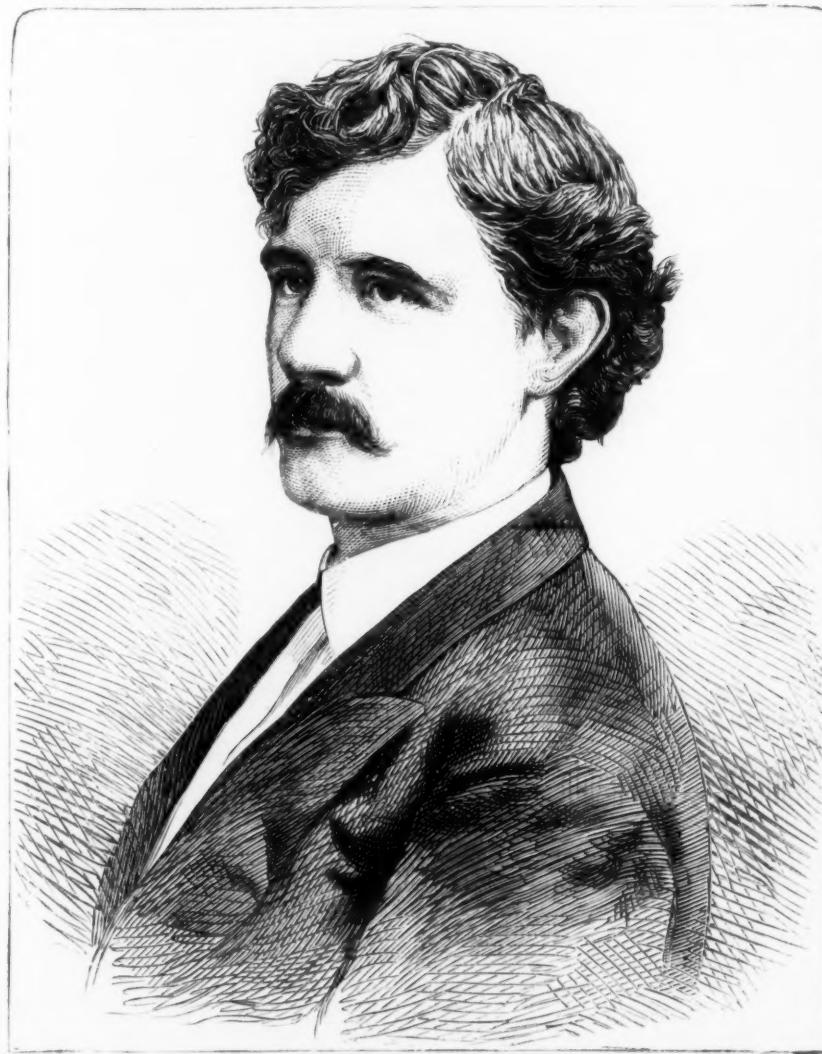
ations are not thoroughly known, miners receive much unfavorable credit for habits that really constitute the exceptional characteristic.

While on a recent visit to the mines in the vicinity of Pottsville, Pa., our representative caught a glimpse of the sportive disposition of the men which, in lively operation, excited the heartiest interest and good-nature. The men at this district are of Welsh, Irish, German and American extraction, and all bear the indelible marks of their occupation. Their faces are more or less disfigured

by blue streaks, caused by the scratches of pieces of flying coal dislodged by the blast.

There are many excellent marksmen among these miners, and each, like a political candidate, has a host of admirers. The men lay aside from their earnings various sums, which place the sport of pigeon-shooting beyond the possibility of a failure. On the day of the visit two matches occurred on the York Farm, a suburb of Pottsville, which were witnessed by five or six hundred miners and other residents.

The match illustrated was between Messrs. Reed and Whitehouse, for fifteen birds apiece, at the usual range. Reed gave his opponent the odds of one bird, and lost the game. During the shooting the miners, who had the luck to get a release from work displayed their loose change and made large bets on the result. The side-shows were quite primitive. At one point was a wagon with a stock of peanuts, oranges, bananas and pastry; at another, a collection of liquors. But with all the excitement, all the liquor, all the betting and



J. M. BAILEY, “THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.”—SEE PAGE 294.



NASR-ED-DIN, THE SHAH OF PERSIA.—SEE PAGE 303.

changing of money, it spoils the preconceived idea of miners' life to say there was no fighting, no quarreling of consequence, and no unusual boisterousness. From the works in the background men paused in their occupation to catch a glimpse of the fun, and discover, if possible, some opportunity of adding to their own enjoyment when their frolicking-day came.

The scenery was a grand relief to the crowded, noisy, dusty, pest-ridden streets of the metropolis; indeed, the entire route of the Central Railroad of New Jersey is one vast panorama of beauty, most enjoyable to the daily toiler of New York. Further sketches of this delightful district will appear hereafter.

### THE REPLY.

I STOOD upon the shore and said:

"I loathe my life, would I were dead;  
My heart within me lies like lead,  
My hopes are crush'd, my joys are fled.  
Troubles like rain fall on my head,  
Thick darkness o'er my life is spread;  
For years this dreary life I've led,  
And through the bitter tears I shed  
I pray'd that soon I might be dead."  
Then from the ocean and the sky  
Solemn and deep came this reply:  
"God bids thee live, then ask not why;  
He looks from heaven with pitying eye;  
He sees thy grief, He hears thy cry;  
In His good time the woes that lie  
On thee shall be dispersed, and fly  
As leaves when wintry winds pass by.  
Let cravens shrink and cowards sigh;  
'Tis thine to do, and not to die."

### INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY  
MRS. OLIPHANT,  
Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

SOME time after the events already narrated Frederick's little house in Mayfair became vacant. The tenant who had taken it for the Winter months gave it up at the end of February; and as it had proved a somewhat profitable investment, Frederick, who had a lease of the house, decided on letting it again. Before it was let, however, it was necessary that all the personal lumber Mrs. Frederick had left behind her should be cleared away. Frederick found his mother and sister quite averse to the office of looking over Amanda's "things." Her clothes and her finery were objects in which they took no interest, except the pitiful and painful one which now encompassed everything she had possessed. But they would neither accept this melancholy, tawdry inheritance which she had left behind her for themselves, nor did they feel any inclination to take upon them the office of arbitrators and distributors among her friends.

He sent for aunty, in his perplexity, from Sterborne. Aunty came up to London on his application, almost by return post. The dead woman's finery was all interesting to her. She had a pleasure in trying it on, in estimating its value, in selecting some for herself, in laying aside various articles for other friends. The office pleased aunty immensely; and as this sad but satisfactory piece of business entailed the necessity of a prolonged visit to town—where she could live in Frederick's house "like a lady," with two maids to serve her, and a room for a friend, and the most congenial occupation—it is not wonderful that she should have regarded it with pleasure. It pleased Batty, too, that his son-in-law, whom he described in his own circle as being as proud as Lucifer, yet acknowledged in this way the existence and the claims of his wife's family. He sent a friendly message by aunty to the effect that he himself would soon pay Frederick a visit. Frederick's "attention" flattered and pleased him—and Frederick's family was always something to brag of. Even Innocent's marriage was a feather in Mr. Batty's cap—"My poor girl's cousin," he called her. He was most amiable to the Eastwoods. It was only when some one suggested that his son-in-law would soon marry again his face clouded over. "Confound him! if he can forget my girl so soon!" he cried; but Frederick's appeal to aunty mollified him entirely. During the Winter he had been afflicted with rheumatism, and with brandy-and-water, as bad a form of disease; therefore he had not gone to town, nor put his son-in-law's friendliness to the test. But the invitation to aunty opened the door to further intimacy; so Frederick did not intend—but so Batty thought.

It was a disappointment to both these personages to find that their host was not actually their host, and that in reality it was an empty house in which they were sent to live. The table was, indeed, supplied at Frederick's cost, and he himself was guiltless of any idea that he was not doing everything that could be required of him; but Amanda's relations were sensitive.

As for Batty, though he intended his visit to be a short one, he, too, expected to be Frederick's guest, to see Frederick's friends, to go with him to the club, and to pick up at least a few names which he could in the future produce among his friends as "cronies of my son-in-law's." He had no intention of being hard upon Frederick. He already knew, and had known before Amanda's reign commenced, that the morality of the young man was far from perfect. If he had discovered new traces of indulgences similar to those he had witnessed in Paris, he would have thought the poor fellow excusable, and would have made every allowance for him. But it was a very different thing to arrive in Frederick's empty house—to be received by aunty alone, whose society he did not prize highly—to have a dinner served up to him imperfectly cooked, the maids not caring to put themselves out of the way for such guests.

"By George! What does it all mean?" he said. "It means that Frederick Eastwood don't think us good enough for his company," said aunty, who was galled by the want of reverence for herself shown by the servants.

"Well, well," said Batty, persevering in his good-humor, "I dare say he's got other things to think of. I'll see all that right to-morrow."

In his heart he concluded that Frederick's reluctance to set up house with aunty was natural enough; but his own presence would alter all that. He went up with it accordingly the first night. He went to look at his daughter's dresses hung up to air in the best bedroom, and his heart softened more and more.

Next day, however, things were not so right. He went to the Sealing Wax Office, and found that his son-in-law was out. Frederick was no longer afraid of him, and the servility of fear was over for ever in his mind. Before his marriage he would not

dared to be out of the way when a man commanding the secret of his life called upon him; but everybody knew now what a misce and *mésalliance* poor Eastwood had made, how he had been providentially delivered from it. Batty, gradually growing furious, proceeded in the afternoon to The Elms, to call upon the ladies. He saw, or thought he saw, them at the window, as he drove to the door in his hansom, and was about to enter with familiar freedom as a connection of the family, when Brownlow stopped him solemnly with a "Not at home, sir."

"Not at home!" cried Batty. "I saw them at the window. Take in my name, my good fellow. I am not a stranger. Your mistress will see me."

"My mistress is out," said Brownlow, solemnly—which was true to the letter, as Mr. Eastwood and Nelly had escaped by the garden-door at sight of the visitor, and were now deep in the recesses of the Lady's Walk.

Batty looked at him like an infuriated bull—his face growing red, and his eyes projected out of his head. "By Jove, sir, you shall smart for this!" he cried, in spite of himself.

Brownlow held his ground with all the imperturbability of a well-trained serving-man.

"Not at home, sir," he repeated, steadily. "Perhaps you would like, sir, to leave a message? My mistress will be in to dinner."

Batty closed the door of his hansom with a crash that rang through the whole neighborhood. He drove off furiously. But still, after all the business of the day was done, he returned to the little house at Mayfair, feeling it impossible that Frederick could have the audacity to leave him another evening alone. He found aunty again by herself, almost weeping over the insolence of the maids, with another care-free dinner, indifferent service—altogether a contemptuous mode of treatment. "Hang me if I stand this!" he said, rushing off as soon as he had eaten his badly cooked meat to his son-in-law's club, resolute to find him, one way or the other, and "to have it out with him." Aunty remained behind in equally high dudgeon. She said to herself that "these Eastwoods" must have shorned the servants to be insolent to her. Thus, in the most unconsidered and, so to speak, innocent way did this unfortunate family forge against themselves the thunderbolt which was to strike them almost into social ruin.

Frederick had certainly meant to avoid his wife's relations, but not with any such determined and insolent purpose as Batty gave him credit for; and Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly did, indeed, run out of the house in order to avoid receiving the visit of Amanda's father, but only from the impulse of the moment, without any concerted plan. And when it was done, compunctions rose within the breasts of the ladies. Mrs. Eastwood accused herself of her fault at dinner on the same night.

"Should you like me to call on—Miss Johnson, Frederick?" she said. "I am sorry that Nelly and I were so foolish. I am sure I have often received people I had as little sympathy with as Mr. Batty. Indeed, poor man, I have a great deal of sympathy with him. Should you like me to call on Miss Johnson?"

"Who on earth is Miss Johnson?" cried Frederick. "Aunty, do you mean? Why should you call on her? She has not any social pretensions, that I know of; poor soul, to do her justice, she never went in for that sort of thing."

"Then you think I need not call?" Mrs. Eastwood said, with a look of relief; "I confess I would rather not." "Brownlow," she said, some time after, "you will find a parcel in the library, addressed to Miss Johnson, at Mr. Eastwood's. Will you take it to-night or to-morrow morning? Leave it with my compliments, and say I hope to have the pleasure of calling before she leaves town. Perhaps, it is better to say that," added the diplomatist.

The parcel in the library contained a few books, some music, a fan and a handkerchief, left at various times by Amanda at The Elms. Brownlow grumbled slightly as he went down-stairs at this commission.

"If a man is to be kept running of errands all day long, 'ow is 'is work to get done?" said Brownlow. Jane, the housemaid, not generally considered very ready to oblige, answered this appeal at once.

"It's a fine evening," she said, "and I'd like a walk. I'll take 'em for you, Mr. Brownlow, and leave the message. My work's done, and I'm sick of needlework. Don't say a word about it. I'd like the walk."

Thus the matter arranged itself with the utmost simplicity. Never did messenger of evil leave a household more unsuspecting. Mrs. Eastwood had as little conception of what was in preparation as had the innocent Brownlow, who would have walked to the end of the world rather than accept this fatal substitute, had he known. But neither he knew, nor any one. Jane had not even any very bad meaning, so far as she was aware. She was bursting with the something which she had to tell; she could not but bring some advantage to herself, she thought.

Just about the same moment Batty, breathing fire and flame, had found Frederick, and was pouring out the history of his grievances.

"Do you ask a man to your house, you fine gentlemen, when you're not at home?" cried Batty. "Lord, I wouldn't invite a dog, unless I meant him to share my kennel."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Frederick; "I am not aware that I ever took so great a liberty as to invite you."

"Confound your politeness and your impudence!" said the other; and became so noisy that Frederick left the club, enduring, without replying to, the abuse of his companion, who, however, gradually calmed down as they emerged into the open air, where there was no one to hear what he said. He told his son-in-law of the affront put upon him at The Elms—how the door had been shut in his face, though he had seen the ladies at the window—and demanded to be invited there, as a proof that no insult was intended.

"What you ask me is quite impossible," said Frederick. "Dine with me to-morrow if you will, either at my house, where you are, or somewhere else. I live at home because it suits me, and there is room; but I never interfere with mother's guests. She has a will of her own. She leaves me my freedom, and I never interfere with her."

Batty, stung by the refusal, furious at himself for having asked, and at his son-in-law for not having granted, left him at last with a mind on flame, asking himself how he could be revenged on the ungrateful husband who, no doubt, had ill-treated his girl and made her miserable. He soothed and stimulated his feelings by extensive potations before he drove back in his hansom to the little house in Mayfair. He rushed in and mounted the stairs to the deserted-looking drawing-room, in which there were lights. "Get me my things together, old woman," he cried; "quick, I have not a moment to lose. They're all a pack of impudent good-for-nothings. I'll see Frederick Eastwood at Jericho before I stay another night in his miserable house!"

Aunty was standing dissolved in tears, with a colored photograph in her hand, in a tawdry frame,

a portrait of Mrs. Frederick which had been done before he married, and in which her blue gown appeared to perfection, if nothing else. She was not alone; another individual, of whom Batty knew nothing, stood by in a corner, courtesying to him as he came in. Aunty held out the photograph to him, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Look what I found in an old cupboard among the rubbish!" she cried; "the picture we was all so proud of. Oh, the lovely creature! and them as got her thinking nothing on her. And, oh, Batty, there's that to hear as neither you nor me knows nothing about. Look at her, the sweet darling! She's been took from us, she's been murdered! and neither you nor me knows nothing about it! Sit down, man, if you're a man and loved your child. Sit down and listen to what this woman's got to tell you. Be quiet, Batty; don't be always thinking of yourself. Sit down and hear."

He was at once stupefied and excited by the drink he had swallowed, and lost in an intoxication of rage scarcely less confusing. The first words of the tale to which he was thus entreated to listen called up in him a passion of vindictive grief and misery more potent still. He listened with muttered curses, mingling with his sobs, looking at the poor faded picture, the simpering image of his daughter who was dead—of his daughter who was murdered—of Amanda, whom he had loved better than anything in the world, and for whom he could take a terrible revenge on the people whom he hated worse than anything in the world. He sat and sobbed, and swore and listened. No suspicion had ever crossed his mind before—now he felt that this was not suspicion, but certainty. That girl had done it—that girl who loved Frederick. Jane, not meaning so much harm to others as good to herself, was there and then taken out of her own hands. The harm, too terrible to think of, too fatal to forecast, was no longer problematical. She had set the storm a-going, but only heaven knew where it would end.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—THE THUNDERBOLT.

LONGUEVILLE HALL, the principal residence of Sir Alexis Longueville, Bart., is one of the first houses of its class in the south of England. It is not of the first magnitude, but it is of the first excellence. It has always been the home of wealth. Nothing about it has ever fallen into decay. The facade is pure Italian, and has been ascribed to a very great name indeed in architecture; but in the east wing, which is the oldest part of the house, there are traces (as the "Handbook" to the county will tell you) of much older work. The kitchen is a great vaulted Gothic chamber, whispering recollections of Wolsey, and guests archiepiscopal at the feast; and the building has been carefully toned up or down to these relics. You can see at a glance that nothing has ever been neglected or forsaken at Longueville Hall.

Almost all that remained for Sir Alexis to do when he came into possession was the remodeling of the gardens, and the rearrangement of the picture-gallery—not that either was in bad order, indeed, but that, as a connoisseur and amateur flower-gardener of the first water, it was for him one of the first necessities of life to conform these sovereign luxuries to his own fancy. Sir Alexis was luxurious in everything. He was rich, and had few claims upon him beyond those of his own tastes, and therefore he had spared nothing in the gratification of those tastes. The house accordingly was the pride of the county, the standard of grace and of art for the whole district.

Every new detail in the great house was described and dwelt upon with unfailing interest throughout the neighborhood, and when it was known that Sir Alexis was about to introduce that crowning novelty, that final luxury, a young and beautiful wife, the interest rose to a climax. This was a particular in which few of the rural great people could copy, in which most of them had preceded, the baronet. But still in hall, and park, and parsonage throughout the country the new Lady Longueville was looked for with almost enthusiasm. People were honestly glad that the old house was not to die out.

There were all kinds of rejoicing on the estate itself, and it was under triumphal arches, with ringing of bells, and sound of music, with a bodyguard of mounted tenantry, and shouts that rent the sky, that Innocent was conducted to her future home. I do not know if she understood the full meaning of such a demonstration, or took in in the smallest degree (I do not believe it) the elevating sense of local, almost notional importance, the *quasi-sovereignty* which such a reception might convey. But her mind was full of a kind of wondering pleasure; the phantasmagoria in this case which glided before her dreamy eyes was pleasant and bright, and amusing and pretty; and she had one strong staff of reality to support her in her husband, her perfectly kind and always attentive companion, who took complete charge of her, told her what to do, cared for her in everything, and never scolded her; conditions which made up all the Elysium Innocent had dreamed of.

Sir Alexis had happily hit upon the right keynote at the very beginning. He had taken up, after careful thought, the position. Frederick had stumbled into it by chance, and which had bound Innocent to him in absolute allegiance for so long. Sir Alexis, thinking it all carefully over, and determined to be successful in this last great venture of his life, had not been above taking a lesson, even from that attachment to Frederick, which was the only thing he resented, and the only thing he feared in his simple young wife; and the experiment had all the appearance of being triumphantly successful. After the first bewilderment and agitation inseparable from the beginning of a life so strangely new and different from all her past, Innocent had settled down with sweet docility into the novel habits of her changed existence.

In marrying a creature so unlike ordinary women—so undeveloped, so simple in mind and thoughts—Sir Alexis had accepted all the responsibilities of the position. He showed his love for her rather in the calm way in which a father displays his sentiments than with the passion of a young husband. Her beauty delighted him, and the pride of possessing so rare a piece of Nature to crown his collections, and her simplicity—even her pensiveness and silence, had a charm for the man of the world, whom the world had often wearied, but who found a kind of renewal in the society of this soft companion, who accepted all he said with little response but no contradiction, and who turned to him after a while as flowers turn to the sun. And it would be simple foolishness to say that Innocent loved Sir Alexis as women love their husbands; she was incapable of such a sentiment; but she had a gentle affection for him, made up of gratitude and the soft affection to kindness which every gentle nature gives.

Many men dream (I believe) of training their wives into perfect accord, perfect harmony, or rather reflection of their own being; but few men have ever had such an opportunity. Innocent seemed the blank sheet on which he could write his name, the virgin wax which he could mold into any form he pleased. He did not put actual educational processes in operation, but he began to guide her toward the things that pleased him. He praised her music, and so persuaded her to cultivate that faculty, which was perhaps the only one by which she could have reached a certain kind of excellence; he read to her, not inquiring much into her opinions, hoping for little beyond impression, yet placing a certain trust in that. He talked to her, and told her stories of people and places and things, of pictures which she had a natural love for, and books which she respected with a certain awe. His object was not only to ripen and mature the pretty Innocent he was fond of, but to produce out of this germ of being the Lady Longueville, who would be the mother of his children, and mistress of his house—when his work was done.

They spent some weeks thus together, pleasant and soft and free from care; and in this gentle way all February, with its winds and chills, passed over them, and March began. They had not, however, quite completed the honeymoon, when a vague, indescribable shadow fell on this tranquil sweetness. The shadow fell, not on Innocent—who, however, once or twice vaguely fancied on looking at her husband that he might be "angry"—but on Sir Alexis alone, who sat long over the newspaper one particular morning, rose pallid as a ghost from reading it—locked it carefully away in his desk, and telegraphed immediately after to his solicitor in town. His countenance was changed when his young wife came into the room, and that was the first time that Innocent fancied he was angry—but when she asked him, he took her in his arms with more fervor than he had ever shown before. "Angry! my darling—can I ever be angry with you?" he cried, frightening her by his vehemence. The solicitor, Mr. Pennefather, serious man, whom Innocent had scarcely seen before, came next day, and there were very long and solemn discussions between the two men, during which she was left alone, and felt somewhat desolate, poor child; but she was perfectly satisfied when she was told it was business, and asked no questions. When Mr. Pennefather went away, the shadow seemed to pass, and all was well again. The great woods about Longueville began to thrill with the new life of Spring, and to open new buds to the genial sun. On the terrace, which occupied the front of the house, and upon which opened the many windows of the fine drawing-room which Innocent loved, great baskets of flowers were already placed. In the distance the broad lawn was marked out with deep golden lines of crocuses, and waving airy anemones, and every common flower that loves the Spring; and much of their time was spent on this terrace, where they would sometimes sit together, sometimes wander from one end to another, talking as they called it, which meant that Sir Alexis would talk and Innocent listen, looking up at him with docile, grateful eyes—or reading, when she was more attentive still, absorbed with the story; for it was always story, either poetry or prose.

This was how they were occupied on one mild afternoon early in March. The sun slanted from the west upon the green terrace, one end of which lay in full light, while the other was turned into a hill corner of shadow by the projection of the west wing. The husband and wife were walking slowly along the sunny side, now and then making a long pause by one of the flower-baskets. She was dressed in a gown made of white cashmere, somewhat akin to the fashion than was her wont, yet falling in the soft, clinging folds peculiar to the material, with a grace which modern fashion scarcely permits—and a little cloak of pale blue velvet, gray-blue, with a bloom upon it such as pampered love, made after the fashion of the old cloak which had been her constant wrap in Pisa. It was Sir Alexis who had disinterred the ancient garment, and had learned the associations it had to her. He was a man who thought of such trifles, and he had himself chosen with great trouble the color of the material in which it was reproduced. Her hair had been allowed to fall down, as of old, upon her shoulders. Nobody could be more strenuous on the point of appearance than was Sir Alexis on state occasions, but he liked to see his young wife look as childlike as when he saw her first. Thus she strayed along by his side, a child, yet with the mysterious maturity of wifehood in her eyes—a gentle vagrant in a world not half realized, yet one whose simple feet had already trod through mysteries and wonders of life and death—the simplest of girls, yet a great lady—sovereign in a breadth of country as great as many a principality, and with power for good or evil over many a soul unborn. There was not a cloud upon the sky, save those which had already begun to perform the final ceremonial of the sunset in the west. How peaceful the scene! Tranquil happiness in the air, soft sunshine, nothing impassioned, lofty, ecstatic, but a gentle perfection of well-being; every line of those trees, every blade of the growing grass, seemed to bear its part in the peaceful fulness of enjoyment, which was almost too still and soft to be called by that name.

They were disturbed by the sound of wheels ringing sharply upon the gravel of the avenue, and dispersing the pebbles on all sides, as if some one in hot haste was on his way to the Hall. The avenue was invisible from the terrace: but this harsh sound offended Sir Alexis. It was no carriage, but some impudent two-wheeled thing like a dogcart which made this ado.

"It is some cockney party to see Longueville, no doubt," he said, in a voice which sounded harsh to Innocent. "But thank heaven, they will be disappointed to-day. That is the nuisance of having a handsome house," he said; "all the fools in the country think they have a right to come and see it. But whom have we here?"

Two men were following the butler. The men who followed at first only conveyed to the beholder the impression that they were "not gentlemen." As, however, they advanced closer, an indefinable air about them began to take effect upon Sir Alexis. The paleness of his face increased till it grew ashen-gray.

"Had you not better go in, Innocent?" he said, hoarsely, laying his hand once more on her shoulder; but his voice was strange, not like the gentle tone in which he usually gave her his instructions: and Innocent kept her place by him, failing a step behind him, but showing no other appearance of embarrassment or shyness. She was not looking at

must come with us. I don't know how much you knows about it—and I don't doubt as one way or other she'll get off—"

"What is the meaning of this?" said Longueville. "Oh, God! how well he knew what it meant! He made a step forward in front of his wife by instinct, then stopped short in the confusion of impotence, knowing that he could do nothing, and that his only policy was to submit.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, molding his hat in his hands with real embarrassment. "I feels for you with all my heart. I have my warrant all in order. You shan't be deceived now; and anything as we can do to make the blow less 'eavy and spare ill-convenience you may calculate upon. But I have to do my duty—"

"Of course, you must do your duty," said Sir Alexis, pale, and nervously himself for the worst. But, my dear fellow, here is evidently some mistake. What?"—he paused with an effort, for his lips were parched—"what—do you mean?—whom—do you seek here?"

"If I must say it in so many words," said the officer, "I have come for my Lady Longueville. Here's my warrant. It's all in the paper: 'Innocent, wife of Sir Alexis Longueville, Bart.—'"

"For what? Good heavens!"

How vain it was to ask—as if since ever he saw these men, the certainty of it, the shame, the misery, the horrible possibilities which might follow, had not risen like a picture, pale, against a lurid background of suffering, before his eyes.

"For the murder of Amanda Eastwood, at Sterborne, on the 21st of October last—"

For the first time Innocent was fully roused. She uttered a low cry; she turned to her husband with a wild look of appeal.

"You said it would all be made right—all right!" she cried, clasping her helpless hands, appealing against her sudden misery to heaven and earth.

(To be continued.)

### THE SHAH OF PERSIA. THE BRIGHAM YOUNG OF ASIA.

HIS MAJESTY NASR-ED-DIN, Shah of Persia, is now visiting some of the principal cities of Europe, is the fourth sovereign of the Kadgar dynasty, which ascended the throne in 1794. He was born in 1830, and assumed the reins of government in October, 1848, on the death of his father. While Crown-Prince he resided at Tabriz, and ruled the province of Adberian, with the assistance of Tagi Khan-Agitul, an honest Persian, who afterward became his Prime Minister.

His Majesty, who is now forty-three years of age, is rather handsome in person, intelligent and liberal-minded. According to the *Statesman's Year Book*, he has two children—Muzafr-ed-Din, heir-apparent to the throne, who was born in 1850, and Djilal-ed-Duleh, born three years later. Heir-apparent, however, means but very little in Persia, as the ruling monarch can alter the succession, and overrule all existing law at any moment.

The Shah-in-Shah, that is, King of Kings, is absolute ruler within his dominions, and sole master of the lives and the property of all his subjects, no matter what their rank. The whole revenue of the country having been at their disposal, recent sovereigns were able to amass immense fortunes. That of the occupant of the throne whose portrait we publish to-day is said to amount to something like twenty millions of dollars, one-half of which is represented by diamonds, the largest of which, weighing 178 carats, and known as the Dervai-i-Noor, forms, with other precious stones, part of the crown jewels.

This potentate is a little above the average height, well-proportioned, and has regular features, although his forehead is rather low and his nose somewhat too prominent. His eyes are dark, and weighed down as it were with thick black eyebrows, which give them an expression of distrust. He wears a mustache and closely cropped beard, and the magnificence of his attire so enhances his appearance that one is constrained to confess he is not only handsome but every inch a king. Having been officially invited to the Universal Exhibition at Vienna, he started from his dominions accompanied by a numerous suite of high officials. Thirteen of the number are dignitaries of the first rank, and the remainder of the eighty are minor officials of all descriptions, but mostly of rank. It is his custom to be waited on by a set of gentlemen who correspond in rank to the lords and gentlemen in waiting at European courts. His dishes at breakfast and at dinner are placed upon the table by persons holding high positions, some of them being the sons of his Ministers, and others being governors of provinces. His pipe is held by a nobleman, and when he leaves the room the royal slippers are placed before his feet by a man who may any day be called upon to fill a high office. This, to our American ears, sounds strange; but, at the same time, it throws out our institutions in such bold and bright relief, that we turn with renewed zest to contemplate their glory, and to bless with eager tongues the memory of those who left us an heirloom so proud, so liberal, and so just.

### THE JERSEY DERBY.

SUMMER RACES AT MONMOUTH PARK,  
OPENING DAY, JULY 4TH.

THE first day of the Monmouth Park Summer meeting, July 4th, was characterized by a feature new to the sport of horse-racing in this country—free admission. In consequence of the extensive publication of this intention, the boats and cars connecting New York with the Monmouth Station carried a number of spectators many times multiplied by that of former years. Indeed, the crowd was so great, that, upon the arrival of the boats at Sandy Hook, all the cars that had been forwarded would not accommodate one-half of it. Lumber-trucks and coal-cars were hastily fitted with seats and awnings, and the sweltering mass was packed into almost undurable misery. However, it was the Fourth; people must be jolly and contented; anything would be heavenly that would provide an escape from the heat and crowd and confusion of the city.

The gates of the Park were found open by the travelers, who rushed and crowded for eligible positions. The beautiful Club House was reserved for invited guests, and the crowd, after looking wistfully over the shaded verandas, dispersed over the spacious grounds. The free admission privilege confined the public to the outer circuit. Seats upon the Grand Stand were sold for two dollars, and an immense advantage was taken of the reduction.

For admission to the inner circuit, within the circle of the course, one dollar was charged, and at the west of the Grand Stand a temporary structure was erected to accommodate those who could pay fifty cents. Every seat at every point was occupied, and had the surrounding fields been provided likewise the same effect would have been seen.

The experiment was a success beyond all anticipation, and deserves frequent repetition, if not the dignity of a general custom.

The races consisted of a steeple-chase, won by George West; a trial purse, won by Artist; a purse for all ages, won by Katie Pease; and the Jersey Derby, won by Tom Bowling, after an irregular start.

It was supposed that there were between 20,000 and 25,000 people on the grounds, a large majority of whom were thoroughly cooled by the thunder-storm that broke before the cars were reached.

Our illustration was taken from the veranda of the Club House, looking toward the Grand and Judges' Stands.

### MEDIEVAL REVIVAL OF LEARNING.

THERE is a saying attributed to the Emperor Charles V., that according as one knew so many languages he was so many times a man. Petrarch and Boccaccio spoke and wrote two languages with equal readiness. There were two men in each. There was Petrarch the Italian poet, graceful, tender, and (in Shakespeare's phrase) "high fantastical;" and Petrarch, the Latin moralist, stern, uncompromising, and aggressive. There was Boccaccio, the Italian novelist, by turns gay and pathetic, licentious and severe, but always infinitely simple and natural; and Boccaccio, the Latin pedant, laborious without method, indefatigable in research without discrimination. In the living Boccaccio, the two characters, so distinct in his books, were blended into one, and doubtless the Latin which he spoke in discussion with his friends was lighted up with the graces of the "Decameron." His relations with Petrarch were uninterrupted friendly, but always on the recognized footing of disciple and master.

Another disciple was Luigi Marsigli, an Augustinian monk of the convent of Santo Spirito, in Florence, who in early youth had seen Petrarch himself, and been stimulated by his encouragement to the study of classical learning; a man of letters, a man of the world, an ardent patriot, who, in spite of all these disqualifications, became Bishop of Florence. But that was at a later period, in 1389, fourteen years after Boccaccio's death. A third disciple was Coluccio de Salutati, who wrote in Latin ethical treatises in imitation of those of Petrarch, and a poem on the wars of Pyrrhus in imitation of his "Africa." In April, 1375, eight months before Boccaccio's death, he was made clerk to the Prior of Florence, i. e., Secretary of State for all Departments. He held the office for thirty-one years, and from a servant became virtually prime minister of the Republic. He was the first who wrote dispatches with classical precision and elegance. In the war between Florence and Pope Gregory XI. (1375-1378) he secured the sympathies of all Italy by denouncing the Breton mercenaries—the Papal Zouaves of five hundred years ago—whom the Holy Father had enlisted to kill, burn and ravage in his cause.

From this time forward every State held it indispensable to have an elegant Latinist for its secretary; and this helped to wrest the direction of public affairs out of the hands of the clergy. We are aware what services, nearly three centuries later, Milton in that capacity rendered to the government of Cromwell. The three men above mentioned, in conjunction with others of like mind, founded a society for mutual improvement and discussion, which they called the "Academia," the model and precursor of many similar societies, whose influence in the next century was incalculable. It was, in fact, the first "Literary and Philosophical Institution."

### GAS FROM WATER.

SOME curious accounts of a process for obtaining gas for illumination from water have lately been published, but the difficulties in the way of rendering such a process practically or profitably available seem to present themselves in this as in former methods. Among the latter may be mentioned that of M. Floret, who contrived a power of decomposing steam by means of coke heated to a high temperature in an atmosphere of oxygen. Mr. Paine, of Massachusetts, proposed to decompose water by the aid of electro-magnets; another inventor's plan was to effect it by the force of a galvanic battery; and still another proposition was that of assisting the action by using a salt of ammonia or a vegetable acid as oxalic. The fate of these varied attempts to accomplish the object in question is well known. A later process was that of decomposing steam by passing it over incandescent charcoal in such a manner as to form hydrogen and carbolic acid, the latter being absorbed in the usual way by means of caustic lime. It is very easy to see why these various processes failed to realize in any valuable or practical sense the assumptions of their originators.

### GRANGE GOSSIP.

PROMINENT members of the Patrons of Husbandry in Ohio are urging the claims of "Honest Billy" Caldwell, of Cincinnati, for Governor.

Iowa has over 1,900 Granges, with some 200,000 Patrons. The organization of the Patrons was effected in Washington in 1867.

Eight Granges were organized in Mower County, Minn., in the last four months.

Over 500,000 tracts were issued to farmers by the National Grange last year.

There are 4,355 subordinate Granges in the United States, and eight in Canada.

Harvest hands are being gathered up at East St. Louis, Ill., at \$2.50 and \$3 per day.

The Rev. A. B. Grosh, of the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, is Chaplain of the National Grange.

Women are admitted to the Granges, and are eligible to the offices of Ceres, Pomona, Flora, and Lady Assistant Steward.

A chief object of the association is to deal directly with manufacturers and consumers, thus ignoring middlemen, at a great pecuniary gain.

The Farmer's Grange, which was organized at North Hyde Park, Vt., a few months since, numbers forty members; they have made arrangements with the State Grange to supply them with groceries, flour and grain, at a much less per cent than they can buy of regular dealers.

The experiment was a success beyond all anticipation, and deserves frequent repetition, if not the dignity of a general custom.

The race was won by Artist; a trial purse, won by George West; and the Jersey Derby, won by Tom Bowling, after an irregular start.

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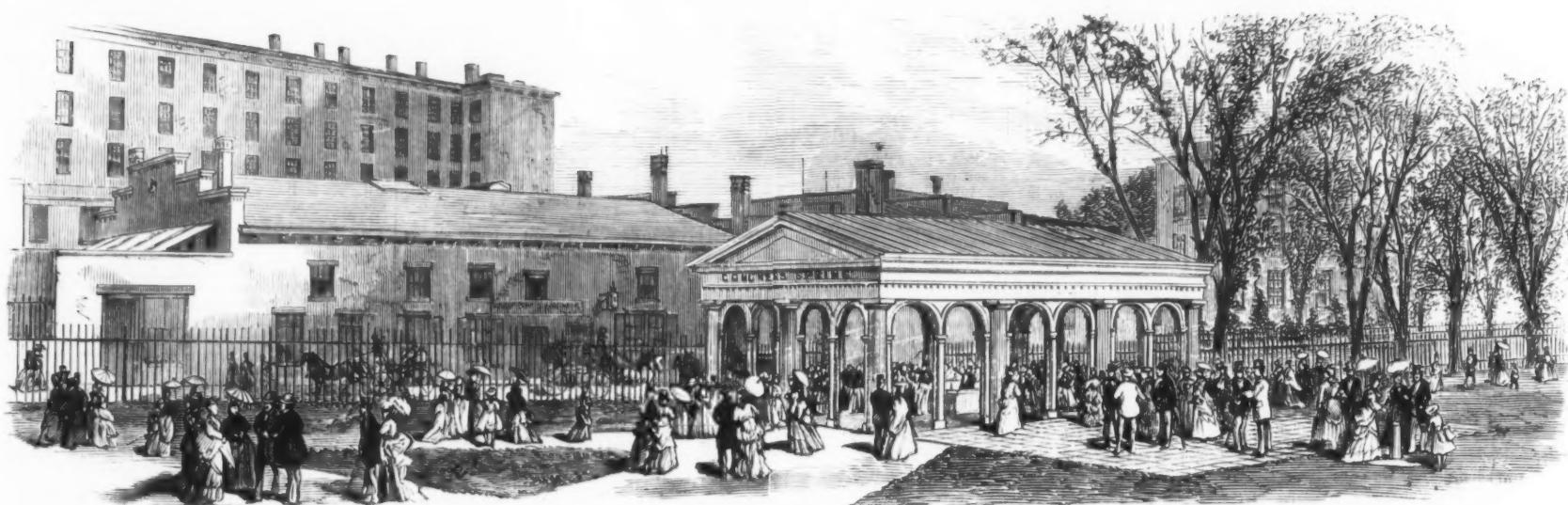
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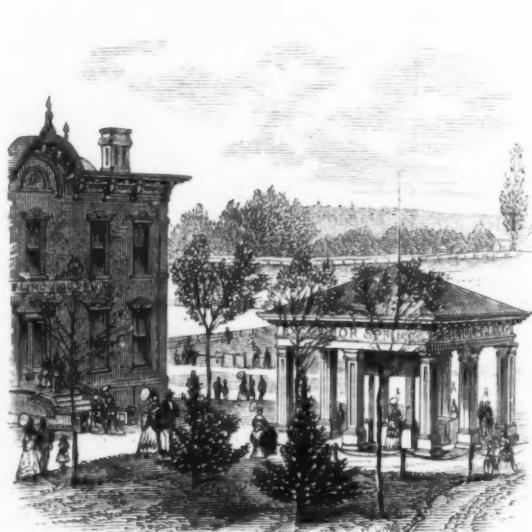
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CONGRESS SPRING AND BOTTLING-HOUSE.



EXCELSIOR SPRING.



RED SPRING.



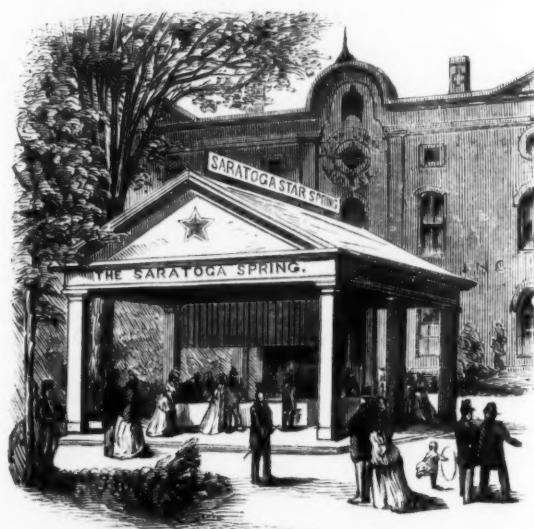
COLUMBIAN SPRING.



TRITON SPRING.



EMPIRE SPRING.



SARATOGA STAR SPRINGS.



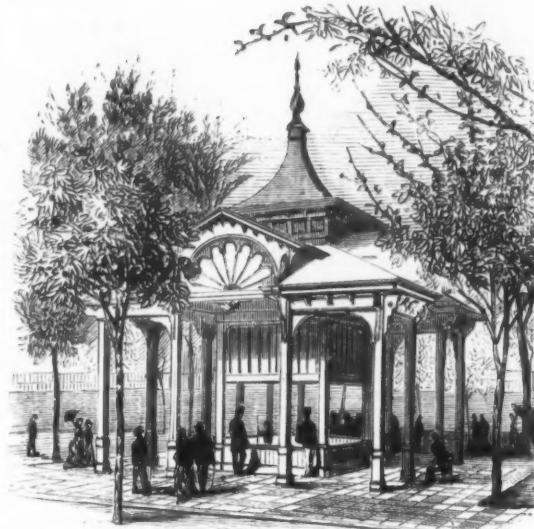
HATHORN SPRING.

SARATOGA, THE FASHIONABLE SPA OF AMERICA.—THE SPRINGS.

GLIMPSES  
OF  
SARATOGA,

THE GREAT AMERICAN SPA.

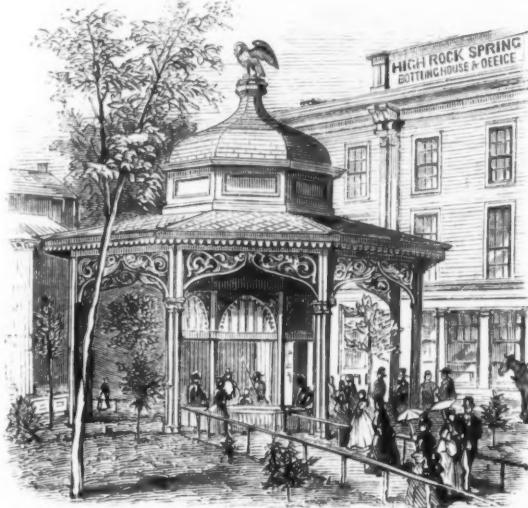
SARATOGA is said to be an Indian word, of the Iroquois dialect, meaning simply a place of salt — *sa-ra*, *sar-a* and *sar-agh* being used indifferently to designate that condiment, and *oga* merely representing what we understand by the word *place*; so that possibly the original orthography was *Saraghtoga*, a place of salt springs. On the other hand, early French explorers in the "Jesus Relations" seem to have accepted another interpretation of the word *saragh*, which, according to some Indian scholars, means "herrings," and this they were the more ready to do, as shoals of that fish formerly made their way up the Hudson, through Fish Creek, into Saratoga Lake, where large quantities of them were caught. To our mind, nevertheless, the first exposition is the more probable of the two, as the peculiar character of the springs would be more likely to attract attention than the mere presence of a certain sort of fish in waters that were at the time densely thronged with various families of the finny tribe. The springs, then, most likely, gave the name to the village and the beautiful lake hard by; and were the linguist, or the archeologist, even, inclined to give credence to the "fish story," so central and absorbing an attraction



PAVILION SPRING.



HAMILTON SPRING.



HIGH ROCK SPRING, EXTERIOR VIEW.



HIGH ROCK SPRING, INTERIOR VIEW.



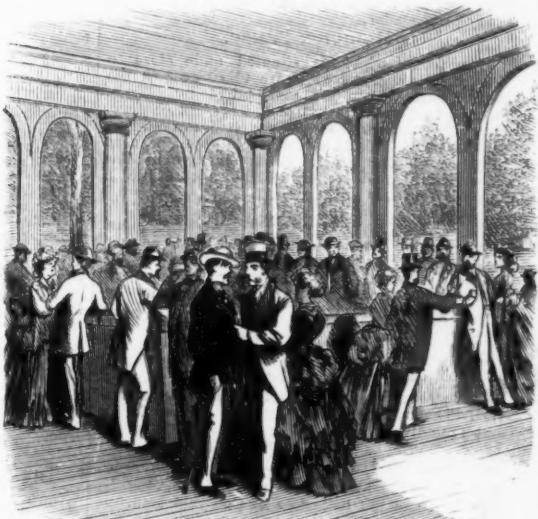
GEYSER SPRING.

HIGH ROCK SPRING.

Although Congress Spring may rank the first in importance, and be regarded as a sort of Morning Exchange where so many congregate, High Rock is certainly the oldest of the "Saratoga family



GLACIER SPRING.



CONGRESS SPRING, INTERIOR VIEW.

are the springs, that neither myth nor fact will ever be able to disturb their claims in this relation.

CONGRESS SPRING, which is, perhaps, the most famous in this country, was discovered by a party of hunters in 1792, and was so named in honor of John Gilman, then a member of Congress, and one of the party. However well intended, the compliment was singularly indefinite, as the term Congress covered too wide a field to be represented in such a manner by a single individual, whose name had not been compounded with it. Be this as it may, its water has been long celebrated in both hemispheres, and, besides dispensing health and strength to those who drink it at its source, forms an item of export of no small importance.

This crystal and life-giving treasure was first secured by pressing a cup against the rock, through which means not more than one quart per minute was obtained. Subse-

quently, however, the spring was cleared and tubed, and an ample supply realized, to the extreme gratification, as well as to the pecuniary benefit, of old Gideon Putnam, who was the first to improve it in this relation.

Among our illustrations will be found a representation of the exterior of this spring, as well as of its interior, and its Bottling House. As will be perceived, the entire establishment is beautifully situated; while so popular and fashionable a place of resort is it, that the sun always rises upon a gay and picturesque group gathered round the fountain quaffing their magical libations to the Goddess of Health. The water is a very excellent cathartic, most agreeable to the palate, and cheering to the spirits. In cases of weak digestion, dyspepsia or general debility, its results are singularly effective. On this head its analysis speaks most eloquently, demonstrating, to even the most superficial observer, that it possesses renovating and curative properties in a very eminent degree, and that it is ranked with every degree of justice among the first springs on this Continent or the most famous of the Old World.



CONGRESS PARK.

SARATOGA, THE FASHIONABLE SPA OF AMERICA.—THE SPRINGS.

being sawed in pieces, although it had evidently lain where it was found for at least three thousand years.

The water of this spring is abundant, and is an admirable tonic, and, perhaps, of greater force as a stimulant than that of Congress Spring. The rock has been formed by the mineral substances held in solution in the springs, as magnesia, lime and iron, intermixed with the leaves and twigs of trees, as well as with other particles. And so highly charged is the crystal fluid of this fountain, that upon rising to the air it can hold but one volume of the gas in solution, precipitating its excess of carbonates, particle by particle, around the aperture already mentioned.

While Congress Spring may be said to be in the very heart of the village, the High Rock, of which we give an exterior and interior view, stands with its Bottling House in the more northern part of it, a short distance from the Empire and the Star Springs. Behind these the rocks rise to the height of from thirty to forty feet, affording a finer view and opportunity for picturesque effects than have been yet realized by those most interested in the locality.

#### EMPIRE SPRING.

This fountain, which has fine cathartic and alternative qualities, lies near High Rock, at the head, and to the right, of Broadway. It is the most northerly of the whole series of springs, and next to Congress, is the most fashionable in the village. A bluff of Mohawk limestone towers behind it, resting upon a ledge of calciferous sandstone. The water issuing through a perforation of this sandstone greatly facilitates the securing of it, with its full complement of gas, by a tube fastened to the surface of the rock. The column of water in this tube, which is eleven and half feet long, is nine feet above the rock, and through this channel there passes every hour the liberal supply of seventy-five gallons. It is only since the year 1846 that this spring has come into any great degree of notice, but now, despite its remote position, it is largely attended, and has acquired a very enviable reputation.

#### RED SPRING.

A little to the north of the Empire we meet the Red Spring, whose waters, although not so palatable as those of some of the others, are regarded as most efficacious in restoring the system to its true tone, and in clearing it of impurities.

#### COLUMBIAN SPRING.

Those who are familiar with Saratoga have often caught a glimpse in the distance of the handsome dome that protects the pleasant water of this popular fountain, which stands close by Congress Spring, and in full view of the piazza of the Union Hotel. The water of the Columbian contains a great quantity of carbonic acid in a free state, and is in addition ferruginous. Though varying in their relative qualities, the properties of this water are quite similar to those of the Congress. Being a strong tonic, however, it should be used with caution, and not by any means too freely.

#### PAVILION SPRING.

A few feet east of that charming promenade, the Willow Walk, and in the rear of the Columbian Hotel, lies this spring, which, although discovered at an early date, was not turned to any marked account until the year 1839. It then lay in the midst of a morass, from which it rose through an alluvial deposit of forty feet in depth. Its water also possesses great curative properties, and is largely patronized, not alone on account of its virtues, but from the fact that it flows in the midst of cool and shady promenades.

#### HAMILTON SPRING.

This fountain, which is situated quite close to Congress Spring, and which we illustrate with the others, was discovered and tubed by Gideon Putnam in the early part of the present century. Here the water, which seems to boil, through the rapid escape of fixed air, rises in a tube almost to the level of the ground. It has long been used as an alterative, and is beneficial as a cathartic in cases of very weak stomachs.

#### STAR SPRING.

stands not far from High Rock. It was at one time known as the President, and more recently as the Iodine. An analysis of its water speaks most favorably for its medicinal qualities, and secures for it a very liberal patronage.

#### EXCELSIOR SPRING.

This is one of the group known as the Ten Springs. It flows directly from the primeval rock, and possesses strong diuretic, alterative and tonic properties. The name Excelsior has been bestowed on it but recently, in indication of its purity and excellence.

#### HATHORN SPRING.

was discovered by some laborers while digging the foundation of the ball-room of Congress Hall. It was named after Mr. Hathorn, one of the proprietors of the Hall. The water is a most powerful cathartic, and possesses a large amount of carbonic acid gas. At the time of its discovery, 1869, it contained more mineral substances than any of the other waters then known to Saratoga. In 1872 this spring was retubed, at an expense of \$15,000, and an additional channel opened, so that now two inexhaustible streams flow from the living source.

#### GEYSER SPRING.

This phenomenon was discovered in 1870, about a mile southwest of Saratoga. It is, as will be seen from our illustration, inclosed, like some of the others, within the walls of a building, but open to all visitors desirous of witnessing its singular operations, or tasting of its waters, which are possessed of the most extraordinary virtues, and which rise fifteen or twenty feet into the air.

#### GLACIER SPRING.

In the neighborhood of the Geyser is the Glacier—a spouting spring also, with fine saline properties, and healing qualities the most important. This fountain largely patronized by invalids and sight-seers, who are attracted by the phenomena of its waters, that shoot, as will be seen from our engraving, a great many feet into the air.

#### TRITON SPRING.

is also close by, partaking of the properties of the Glacier, and commanding, like it, very marked patronage. But so salubrious are the waters of all this family, that the same may be said of them generally; for each, it appears, possesses some virtue necessary to the health or the relief of almost any class of invalids.

#### CONGRESS PARK.

This beautiful crescent-shaped sweep of grounds around the Congress Spring, although now so bright an ornament to the village, was at one time dreary and doleful enough. It was redeemed from a deep swamp by Mr. John Clark, the former owner of the property, and now shows fine reaches of meadow and lawn, as well as some handsome hill-slopes and

wooded nooks. When, on a fine Summer morning, throngs of visitors wend their way thither to drink of the crystal waters of the spring, the park presents an appearance at once the most brilliant and picturesque: while on balmy moonlight nights, when the cool zephyrs are whispering through the leaves, it is the very home of romance and of love to those who steal away from the glare of the ballroom, or the gilded saloon, to wander among its shady paths or upon its glittering award, weaving bright garlands for the future, and failing to discover even the faintest cloud in the distant horizon. This, as may be readily supposed, is a very central point of attraction, and one that lends to the village a charm so rare that it is recognized universally.

#### FUN-OGRAPHY.

A JOINT STOCK COMPANY—The beef-packer's BAKERS say they knead more, and don't like to see so many rich loafers.

THE paper-makers say that their business is such that it brings them to rags.

A SOUTHERN paper says, after having won "Lo," Jack and the game, General Davis commenced erecting a scaffold to have seven up.

AN old gentleman in Virginia bought himself a residence near the burying-ground, "so as to have quiet neighbors who'd mind their own business."

AN Irish house-maid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he com'ng?" asked the lady. "Yes, ma'am, directly; he is sharpening his teeth."

MISTRESS—"How is it you came home from your party so early last night, Susan? Didn't you enjoy yourself?" Susan—"Yes, ma'am. But the young man as he took me home to supper insulted me." Mistress—"Insulted you, Susan. Why, what did he say?" Susan—"Yes, ma'am. He asked me if my program was full; and I'm sure I never had nothing but a sandwich and a glass of lemonade, so I come away home."

DUMAS, the elder, was very proud of the large sums paid for his writings. One evening, in the salon of a rich financier, the conversation turned upon the remuneration of men of letters. "I," said Dumas, "am certainly the best paid. I receive thirty sous a line." "Indeed, monsieur," said a bystander, "I have never worked for less than a million a line. What do you think of that?" "You are joking." "Not at all." "What are you, then?" "Constructor of railways."

#### Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subdue, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. Rose & Co., 33 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only wife article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep.

922-47

AS BROAD AS CIVILIZATION.—The agent of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company will, in a few days, sail from San Francisco for China and Japan, where he will establish large wholesale agencies for supplying the natives of the Orient with that consummate triumph of inventive skill, the Wilson Sewing Machine. By this step the Wilson Company will complete the circuit of the globe. They have already immence agencies in England, France, and South America. Supreme in its superiority over all other sewing machines, the Wilson goes on widening its field year after year, carrying the blessings of a cheap, capable, and perfect sewing-machine to the remotest haunts of civilization. Salesroom at 107 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

Neither failing teeth, nor the peeping wrinkles of time so forcibly tell of advancing years as your gray hair. AYER'S VIGOR restores its color, and makes your appearance more agreeable to others, as well as yourself. With fresh, luxuriant hair, the infirmities of age are far less noticeable.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., offers inducements in connection to tourists to Cape May.

SHEA, 427 BROOME STREET, cor. Crosby Street, offers now a complete assortment of Spring clothing for men and boys, of fine and medium quality; also, custom clothing, Broadway misfits, etc., 40 per cent. less than original cost. No trouble to show goods.

TRADE MARK. Registered June 24, 1873.

WHO wants a HAT? Go to DOUGAN, Manufacturer and Importer of GENT'S HATS, 102 Nassau, cor. of Ann Street. 916-28

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY. Prices reduced; circulars sent and information given. We sold the \$500,000 prize in the drawing of April 22d.

J. B. MARTINEZ & CO., Bankers, 10 Wall Street, Post Office box 4655, New York.

IF you want a stylish fitting SUIT OF CLOTHES, go to FLINN, 35 JOHN STREET, New York (late with Freeman & Burr). 925-17

FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS.—Stanley, Gibbons & Co.'s Descriptive Price Catalogue, illustrated cover, in colors, 34 pages, including every postage stamp issued, post-free, eight cents. STANLEY, GIBBONS & CO., Stamp Importers, 8 Lockyer Street, Plymouth, England.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

The absurd and mischievous statement that an Elastic Truss, so called, will certainly cure ruptures, is not endorsed by Messrs. POMEROY & CO., whose Elastic Rupture Belt is, nevertheless, the very best Elastic Truss made. For correct information on this subject, address, POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York. If



#### Summer Underwear

#### FURNISHING GOODS, For Gentlemen and Youths.

Silk, Merino and Lisle Thread

Shirts and Pants.

Hosiery, Silk, Lisle Thread and Cotton

Plain and Fancy Shirts for Traveling.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs,

Ready-made and to Order.

All the Latest Styles in

Ties, Scarfs and Cravats.

Plain and Embroidered Bosoms.

"Cants de Suede," and Kid Gloves.

Riding and Driving Gloves

and Gauntlets, all styles.

Sashes and Sash Ribbons, etc., etc.

#### AT VERY MODERATE PRICES.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED IN

DRESS GOODS, Etc.,

OF THE

LATEST SPRING & SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.

BROADWAY & NINETEENTH STREET.

#### JOHN RORBACH,

MANUFACTURER OF

Trunks, Traveling Bags, Etc.,

No. 499 BROADWAY,

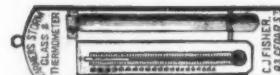
Three Doors below St. Nicholas Hotel, NEW YORK.

SOLE MANUFACTURER OF THE

PALACE BUREAU TRUNK.

A discount of 5 per cent. allowed purchasers mentioning this advertisement.

#### OLD PROBABILITIES



KNOCKED IN THE SHADE.

Purchase one of C. J. FISHER's Storm Glass and Thermometer, combined. It foretells change of weather and high winds 24 hours in advance. Price, \$3. 6 Arcade, Elizabeth, N. J., and 93 Cedar Street, New York. Sent by Express C. O. D.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

ELLIS'

FIFTH AVENUE

Stocking Supporters,

WITH PATENT CLAMPS,

FOR Ladies, Misses and

Children.

No More Buckles or Buttons.

Worn by every lady who values

health and comfort.

More than three-quarters

of all FEMALE DISEASES

are caused by wearing garters!

For sale by all dealers in

Ladies' Underwear, Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods, etc.

Manufactured only by

ELLIS MANUFACTURING CO.,

110 Tremont St., Boston.

NOW READY, THE NEW NUMBER OF

FRANK LESLIE'S

**BUDGET of FUN.**

Fulf of Humorous Hits and Brilliant Pictures.

THE GREAT EVENT OF THE SEASON.

Packing the Saratoga Trunk, is capably illustrated.

Also, the Comic Adventures of a Pain-Pot and Ladder.

Sloper among the Artists is a screamer; with thirty other

illustrations, full of fun. The reading matter is by the

first writers of the day, and is all original.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSMEN.

#### More Good Things for the Boys.

"Jack Harkaway Among the Brigands"

Begins in No. 358 of

FRANK LESLIE'S

Boys' and Girls' Weekly.

A number with another EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

"The Young Irish Chief,"

"A Split in the School,"

"Jack Harkaway."

The three best stories to be found anywhere. Every

# FLUSHING PARK

Is situated six miles from New York City, in the thriving Village of Flushing, which has 7,000 Inhabitants.

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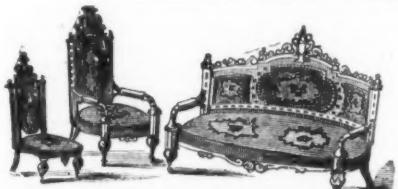
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